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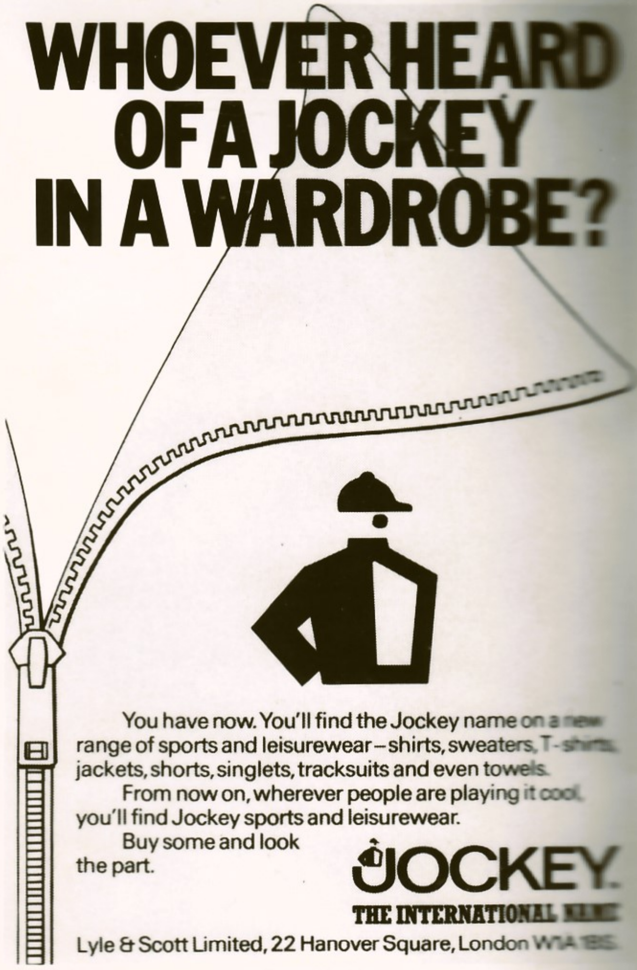

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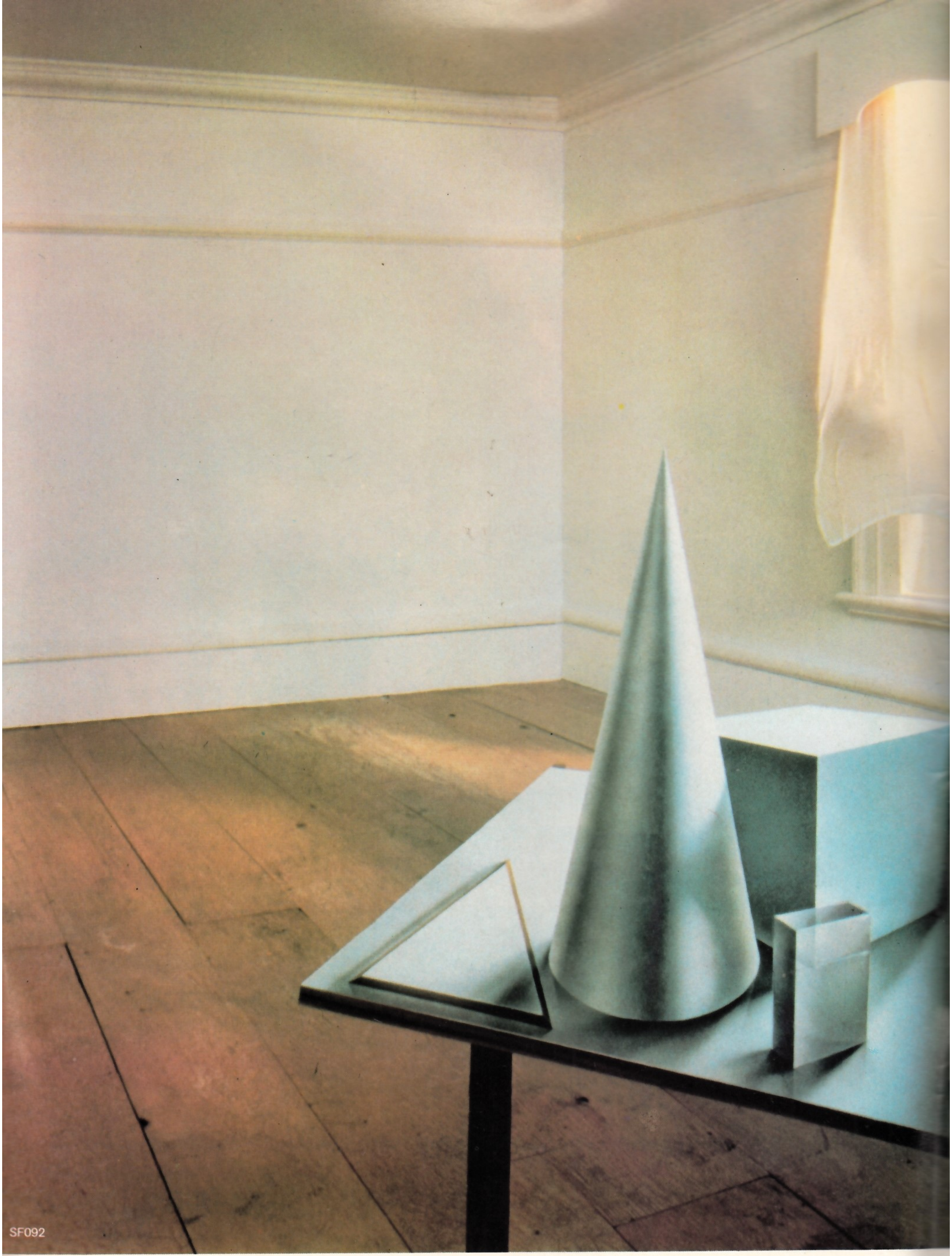

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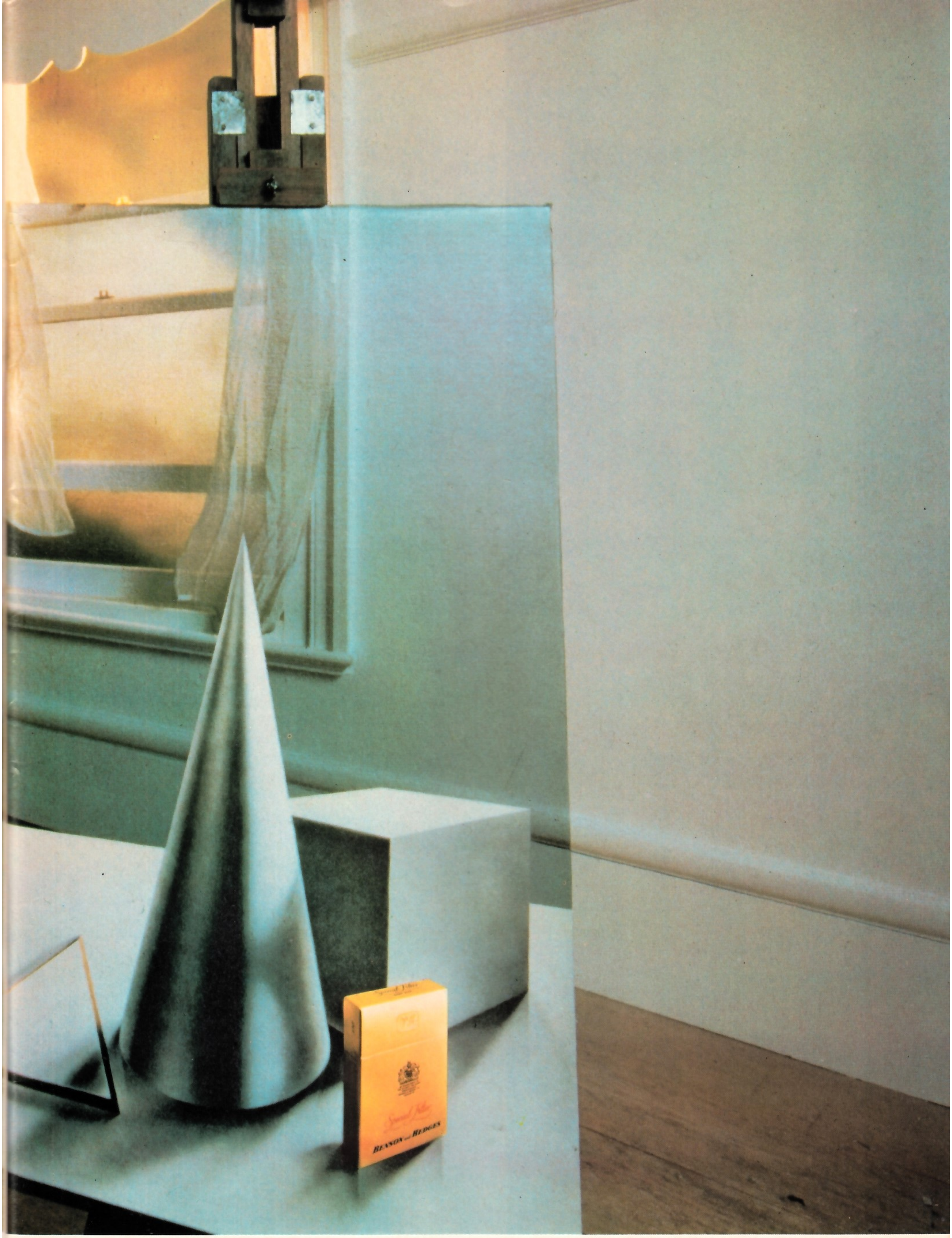
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IND COOPE
DOUBLE DIAMOND

From rocks to rails.

Even after the aforementioned wreck, a number of years went by before Samuel found widespread fame on the home front.

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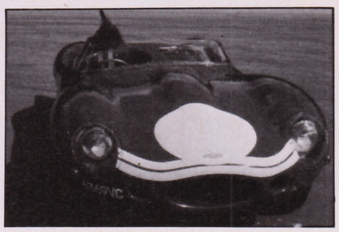
Pour yourself a glass. It's sure to go down well.

Double Diamond Burton Export Ale. Its pedigree is longer than its name.



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SCENE

We feature this month a fascinating article on the mysteries of the Indian Rope Trick. Marc Cramer has probed behind the myths and legends to reveal the true secret of the fakirs. Marc has based his feature on three sources, all of which have been verified by him. He first obtained a translation of a series of notes written by a German psychical researcher who witnessed it in 1932. The writings of an American travelling through India in 1940 provided further material, and these were cross-checked with an Indian journalist who Marc knows. Marc, who was British born but educated in America, is a clinical psychologist and used to be in private practice but has given this up temporarily. His study of possession and exorcism, *The Devil Within*, has already been published by W H Allen, and at present he is working on a psychological biography of Elizabeth Bathory, the Vampire Countess.

We have received many letters from readers who have seen the posters advertising *Mayfair* on their local stations and who want to know how they can get hold of one. That's easy – just send a cheque or postal order for £1.65 to *Mayfair*, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ, and we will send you a full-size full-colour poster of Karen Mifflin who has been brightening up British Rail stations for the last few weeks. The poster will be sent to you in a plain cardboard tube to prevent damage. And if you want to see more of Karen, her voluptuous 38–24–36 figure appeared in the centre spread of our Christmas issue which is still available at £1.75.

MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR MAKES THE WORLD SEEM BRIGHTER
pick up a copy today

With this month's issue of *Mayfair* we bid farewell to our longest-serving member of staff, art director Jim Bunker. Jim has been with *Mayfair* for 12 years and during this time has seen it rise from a virtual newcomer in the men's magazine field to the top-selling international status it has today. He has been a regular illustrator for the jokes page, illustrated various stories and features and also taken many photographs for our girl sets. He is leaving to take up a position as art director of *Connoisseur*, a leading international art magazine. We wish him the best of luck. Jim leaves with one ambition unfulfilled: in two years he never managed to win at office backgammon.

Does this appeal to you? A holiday this summer at a good hotel in Majorca where scores of tanned and topless girls lounge by the ample pool; a roller-disco; 20-hour bars; where most people are single and the sexes fairly equally split, and where nobody raises an eyebrow if you emerge from a different bedroom for breakfast. Yes – then a Hotel 33 holiday could be for you.

Hotel 33 is both the name of the hotel and the holiday concept, which originates from Sweden. Europeans in the 18–33 age band have been enjoying this type of holiday for several years, but from 1981 we in Britain can as well, because the new direct-sell tour operators, Portland Holidays Ltd, are including Majorcan Hotel 33 holidays in their programme. Prices range from £134 for one week to £270 for a fortnight, including flights from Gatwick. For a brochure contact Portland at 218 Great Portland Street, London W1 (tel: 01-388 5992).

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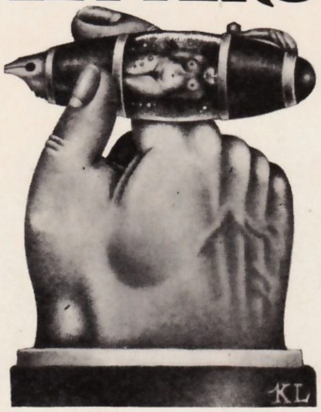
SONY

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Your correspondent who comments on the increasingly carefree behaviour of girls in front of a camera is certainly right in ascribing it to the permissive society plus unemployment, which have changed women's attitudes. I may add, however, that men have changed as well.

A group of eleven of us, all men of about 30 and keen amateur photographers, had been meeting from time to time to discuss our hobby. About three years ago one of our group made the acquaintance of a girl who was willing to pose for us in the nude. The member who found the model invited us to his house and our cameras whirred and clicked busily as the girl struck some classic poses. After the session she quickly dressed and told us she had enjoyed it, particularly the drinks with eleven admirers afterwards.

We liked it so much that we gladly accepted an offer from the girl to send us some of her friends for further sessions. So we gathered once a month, but the supply of models was exhausted after a year.

We were dispirited until someone suggested that we might persuade our wives or girlfriends to pose for us. As we were all friends and rather prided ourselves on being uninhibited, it was agreed.

But it proved difficult to overcome initial female modesty. Only after much coaxing did we get one volunteer; to our surprise the youngest wife, a newly-wed with a reputation of being rather withdrawn. But she shed her clothes for us prettily and paraded with assurance. After her pioneer baring, resistance crumbled among the others and we grew rich with delectable colour pictures taken from all angles. On one occasion my wife gave us the opportunity to photograph what the professional models had coyly covered with a hand: her triangular groove and the delicate fount of joy starting under it. She told me afterwards: 'Laying there in the nude I was day-dreaming of making love to you, and of course I opened my legs.'

Our genuine admiration for the alluring lips of her sex turned on the other girls when they learned about it. To our complete astonishment, all insisted on being shot, or even re-shot, complete with sexual shrubbery. 'I may be narrow slitted, but I'm not narrow minded,' said one of them.

From then on our sessions were not so demure any more. We stuck to our principle of one model only at each session as it helped us to concentrate and flattered the model's ego. But drinks were handed round from the beginning.

Husbands and boyfriends complied with sudden whims and fancies of the rest of us in the hope that at another session they might cash in on similar urges with another wife.

Once a neighbour asked whether his 18-year-old daughter could come to us for a session as a model. She was too shy to approach me herself. I felt I had to tell him we were photographing our models in the nude, and that a shy girl might be unsuitable. But he said she wanted to become a professional model and the experience would be invaluable for her. So we agreed.

'I think we've invented graffiti.'

She shed any shyness she might have had after seeing some of the uninhibited pictures taken of our own wives at previous sessions. She struck the boldest poses and after the session was over she displayed a sexual prowess and inventiveness which astonished us in one so young. I felt a little embarrassed when a few days later her father thanked me for our 'willingness to take her'.

Once we feared a crisis. One of the shapeliest women in our group, a secretary to her estate-agent husband, was photographed with both her mouths fully-occupied with pleasing two men. This enterprising lady, who had modelled while her husband was abroad, then proudly showed the pictures to him. We thought he would explode, but on the contrary he was delighted. 'Shows how efficient in business she is,' he joked. 'She knows how to look after man's most precious estate.' he even showed our shots to his customers.

I would not agree with your correspondent who regretted the 'immodesty' of models today. It only means that woman has at last come into her own and is starting to enjoy sex, as men have done for thousands of years. And have they become a plaything? No. We admire them and we dance to their tunes.

(JDK. Address withheld)

Why not send some of the results in to us?

Many other readers must have felt as I did that you had a real winner in Helle Kjaer, in Vol 15 No 11.

Despite all the pin-ups I have seen in magazines, I have never until now displayed one in my flat. But when Helle first appeared in *Mayfair*, as the centre spread in Vol 15 No 1, it changed all that.

It wasn't because of her looks, as I have seen much prettier models. It was the sheer shapeliness, sexuality, and charisma of this Danish lady that was a knock-out.

I have had a partiality for

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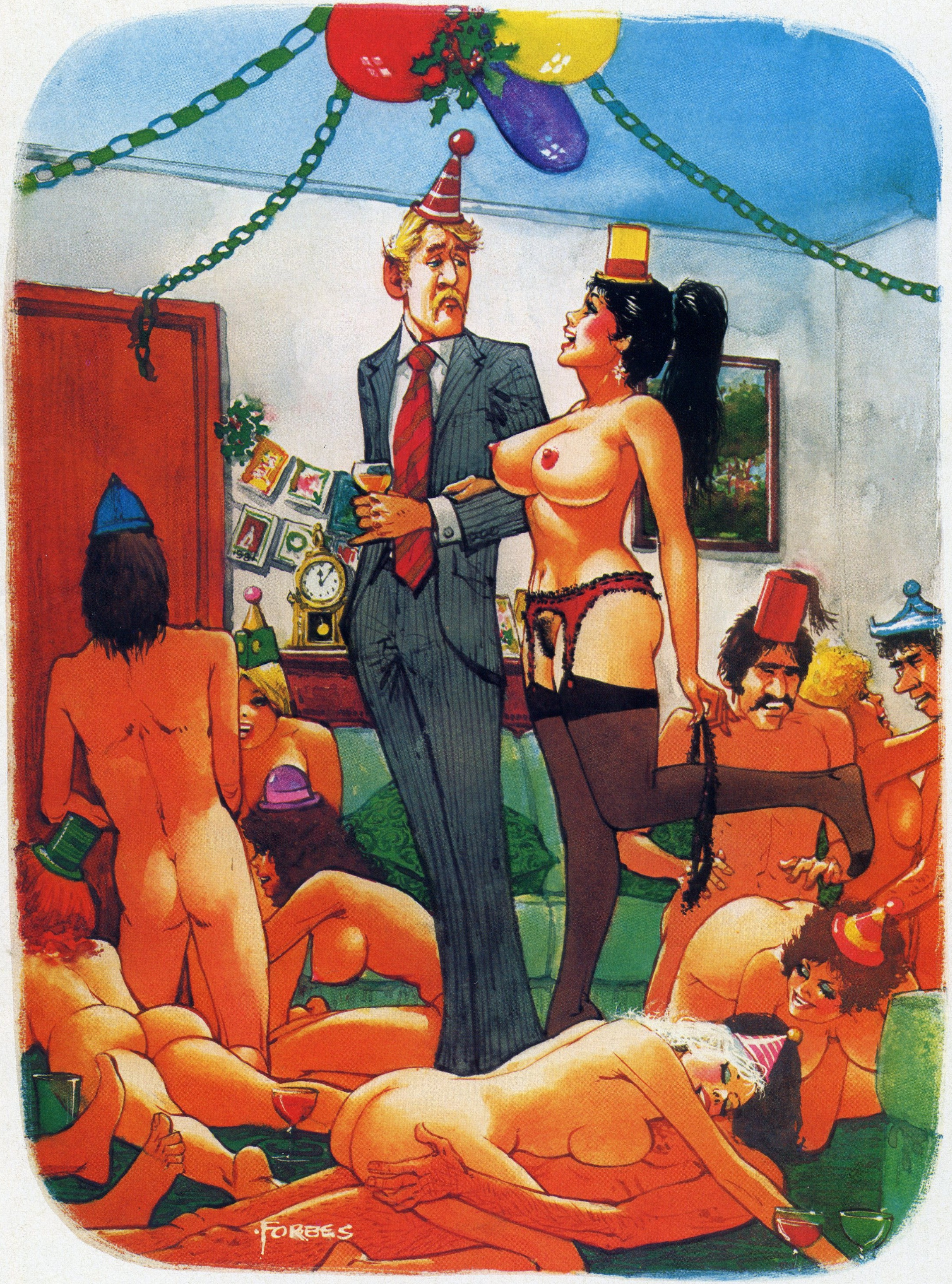


'But breaking one teeny, weeny resolution can't be bad . . .'

NIKKI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Pert blonde Nikki Critcher was a splash hit on the last night of her reign as Staines Carnival Queen when she threw a drink over the carnival guild chairman. He had just announced that Nikki was to be stripped of office following a story in the local paper that she was planning to model her 34-22-34 figure for a men's magazine. A furious Nikki pushed her way to the stage and hurled her drink at him, before rushing out of the dance. Nikki, 20, said at the time: 'I just couldn't listen to their pompous claptrap any longer. So I shut him up the quickest way, by drenching him.'

Nikki's career has been full of strange incidents. As she explained, 'Things just seem to happen to me in the normal course of my life.'

She once had a contract to dance in Malta, but only a few weeks after she arrived she fell out of a car on Christmas Eve and dislocated her hip. Of course, she couldn't dance and the club owners refused to pay her. 'The girls had to smuggle food from the kitchens to feed me.' Eventually her mother sent her the air fare home and she left behind a £200 hospital bill. And two months after she got home, Nikki had to spend two weeks in hospital after fainting in a telephone box and crashing through the glass. Even her hobby of driving landed her in trouble, when she crashed into a police car late at night. But other road users had better watch out if she fulfils her ambition of passing the HGV driving test.

The faded rugger shirt revealed the most perfect breasts. She was one of my students but I knew I'd risk anything to have her

FRATERNISING: ACADEMIC STYLE

Fiction by Don Bourne

'So fucking what?'

Well, it had come. The moment every university lecturer dreads and which I'd been awaiting for three years and two weeks precisely. But I hadn't spent those stormy years of the supposedly idyllic lecturing life without making some preparation for that big question, and I had my short spiel all ready. First give the audience, about fifty of them, with a slight male bias, time to glance anxiously towards the back row: the threat was largish, long-haired, and bearded. Nothing much to make him stand out, apart from the superbly bosomed creature beside him. She *was* rather good, even though she was dressed to match her partner: a faded Balliol rugger shirt accentuated the most perfect breasts I had seen – not *too* large, beautifully rounded, *identical* in size and shape (funny how so many girls have them ever-so-slightly different). Hair unwashed, but long, flowing, blonde; eyes light blue; complexion almost peach-like, with the flush of embarrassment at being the centre of attention giving her cheek a delicate heat. Another second year? How come I hadn't seen her before? Not much chance of her being a virgin. Not in this place, anyway.

The slight tittering had subsided. Eyes were now riveted on the rostrum. OK, play it cool. 'Well, it's curious you should ask that, because I often ask myself the same question.' Titters towards the back. 'Although I must confess I phrase it with a little more . . . er . . . dignity.' Titters towards the front, thank goodness, tension out of the moment! I can't lose! 'There are, of course, a large number of *standard* reasons why what I'm saying has relevance to you and the world, and if you'd like to hear them, I suggest we have a coffee together in the buttery. Let's not hold up things for the others.'

Grins all round. Great! Now to give my utmost for the next half-hour in order to make the lecture go down in history as one of my best ever, despite the interruption. Now then, what had happened to the

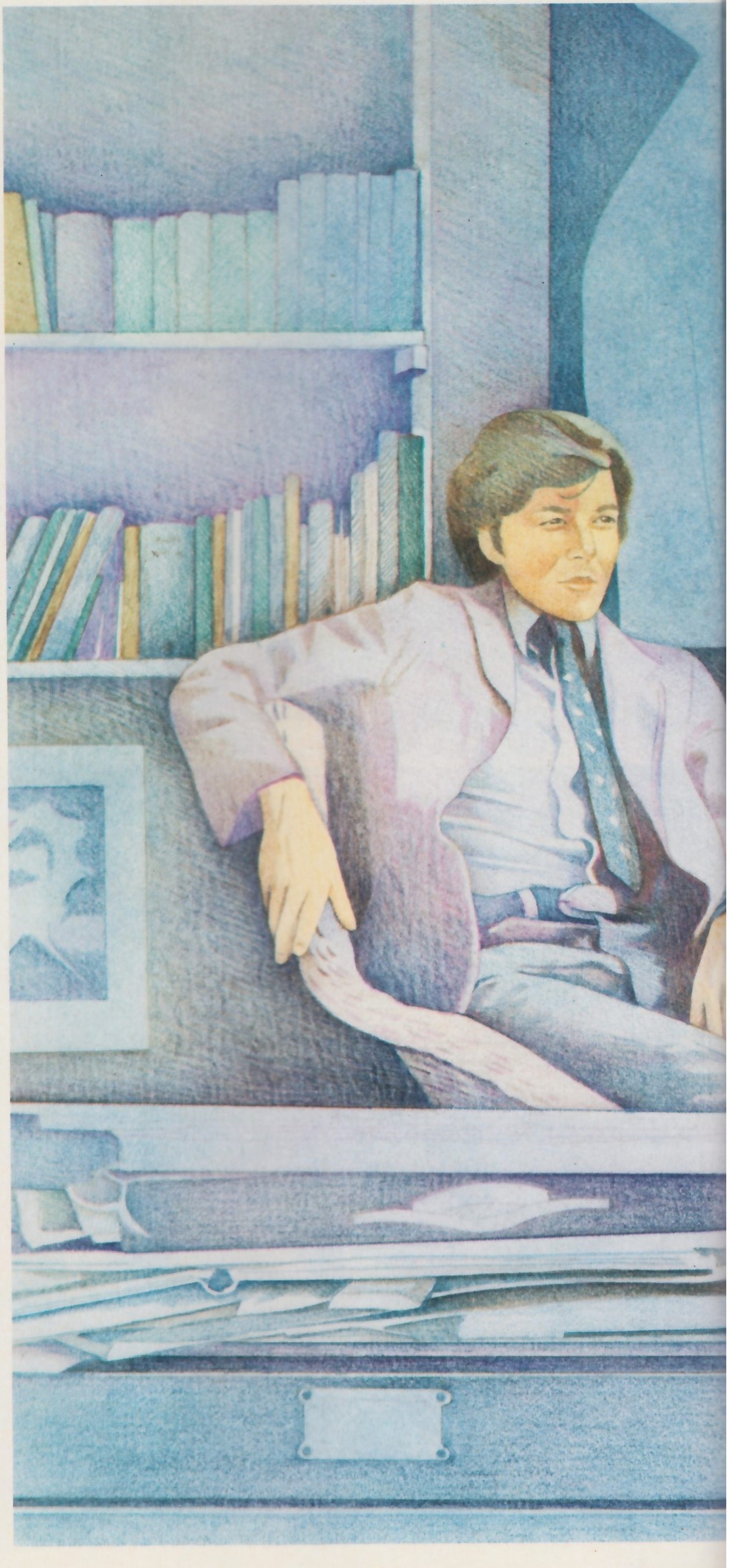
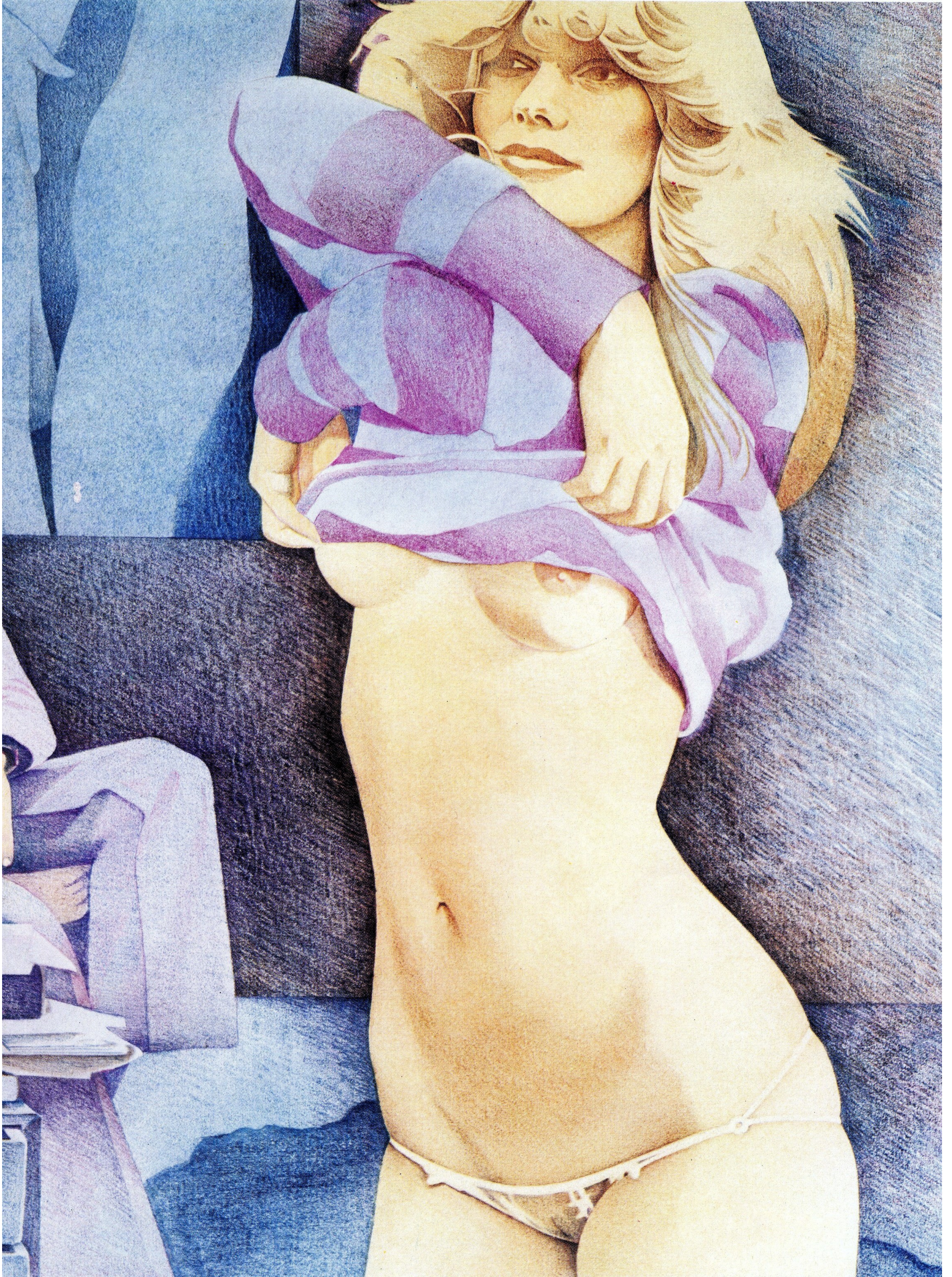


ILLUSTRATION BY CLAIRE DAVIS



threat? Oh dear. It was getting up to go. Poor lad looked embarrassed. His girl obviously didn't want to belong. (No bra there, what *superb* tits they were!) Surely he would try and save face somehow . . . Ah, yes, here it came. A low mutter.

'Huh, coffee in the buttery, usual dodge.'

'Is it? Oh, sorry. Well . . . how about a few pints in the *Chequers?* Eight-thirty tonight?'

Let's just pray he brought his girl. Oh, God, poor blighter looked really humiliated now. Perhaps that was too cruel. Still his girl was staying. Could her legs match the rest of her? Surely not.

But they did, by God. She had the same rugger shirt on, and when she sat down it was bound to go well over two-thirds of the way up her thighs. The boyfriend had changed clothes for the evening.

'Ah, good to see you! Pints all round?'

'Er . . . thanks, Dr Bresum, er . . . I . . . er.' Poor lad almost seemed to want to apologise.

'Hold on a sec, I'll just stand these up for us. Can you find a seat in a quiet corner?'

'Look, Dr Bresum, I'm sorry I was a bit awkward this morning.'

'That's OK! Most lecturers would sooner have one thinker like yourself than ten of those prim little misses in the front row who write down everything you say, starting with "good morning".' She laughed, a genuine laugh, when the joke seemed to me as old as the University.

'Anyway, I don't know your name.'

He was Bob, she was Soo, 'with two 'o's'. Affected twit. If only she could be natural she'd be a stunner. She was anyway. What was I going on about? We chatted about this and that, were rude about colleagues, rude about undergraduates. Soo got the third round, and we still hadn't got down to the ostensible reason for our meeting. When I returned with the fourth round Soo had disappeared and Bob had a glint in his eye. He seemed to be showing signs of the alcohol. He launched out into an obviously prepared diatribe against the establishment, the subject he was studying, the University. He was bright, but bolshy, a typically immature, potentially nice guy whose parents had given him everything he needed except an occasional kick in the pants. I listened quietly to what the University Left was up to now, savoured the beer, wondered where Soo could be, and reflected on the chances of ever having a woman like her. It would spoil me if I did. I'd never be able to raise anything for my usual fare if I ever got near a luscious body like hers. But it wasn't just her body. She seemed to possess something else which I couldn't quite make out. I wondered whether she might be a virgin after all. She was quite a lass, but all the same . . .

'So,' said Bob, winding up his argument, 'there is no *point* in studying French literature, there's no point in studying *any* sort of literature. The only way to get the change needed is to fight, and to fight, just occasionally, with live ammunition.'

I drained my glass and started to feel worried about Soo. She hadn't looked too good when I'd left. Bob tried to catch up with me. He was a good half pint behind. Suddenly I didn't want to talk to him, I didn't want to drink beer. All I wanted was to sit and admire Soo. Where *was* she?

THE OLD WELL
CRUMP ALES
1:10
JACK
JILL
dredge

'*And I say we definitely have* not *been here before!*'

'Nice work, Bob.' I said. 'Very nice. Stand the next ones up, will you, while I just pay a call. I reckon I've got *some* answers,' I said, noticing his disappointed face, 'but you had some nice points in the middle.'

Bob smiled and sipped. I made for the gents feeling annoyed at myself for being so patronising. I was worried too. I knew I was falling for that girl, and the longer she stayed away, the worse it was becoming.

When I returned Soo was there, looking rather pale. Bob was grinning. He was clearly more interested in proving his capacity, since he'd got half-way through his fifth pint and was obviously thinking I'd had the same sort of problem as his girl. I hesitated, and then I decided I might as well gamble.

'Soo,' I said, 'are you OK?'

'No,' she admitted, 'it's probably the food they serve us at St D's. I'm sorry. I think I'd better go.' Lies, it was clearly the beer, but great! She was playing into my hands.

'We'll take you back,' I said, knowing full well that Bob would need a good ten minutes on the rest of his glass. Raising my full pint I took an even breath and started to drain it in a single draught. Soo looked at me in admiration. Bob looked hurt, cross, trampled.

'I'll be with you in a moment,' he said as Soo turned towards him with expectations of a repeat performance. 'You go on.'

I decided I'd better not take Soo by the arm. She looked as if she'd been sick and probably just needed a quiet walk in the fresh air. She wobbled a bit as she left the door, so I steadied her with both hands.

She was warm and soft, perhaps a couple of pounds over her ideal weight. She was very slightly taller than me in her high heels. She shivered a little and came closer. There was a slight trace of cheap scent lingering round her neck. I'd really had it now. I wanted this girl rather badly, and I knew that I was prepared to take too many risks to have her. Just how risky it was going to be was made clear as we approached the gate of St D's. Two of my third-year seminar were going in ahead of us. It was difficult to imagine anyone more battle-axed than that pair. Both were set on Firsts and a spinsterly academic career. If they saw me in a compromising state I could be sure the whole department would know about it by the next day. Soo felt me stiffen. She guessed my mind.

'Don't worry,' she whispered, 'we'll go in the side gate. It should still be open.' It was. We crept in and cut across a lawn in the direction of one of the far staircases.

'Hoy! Get off that grass and come here!'

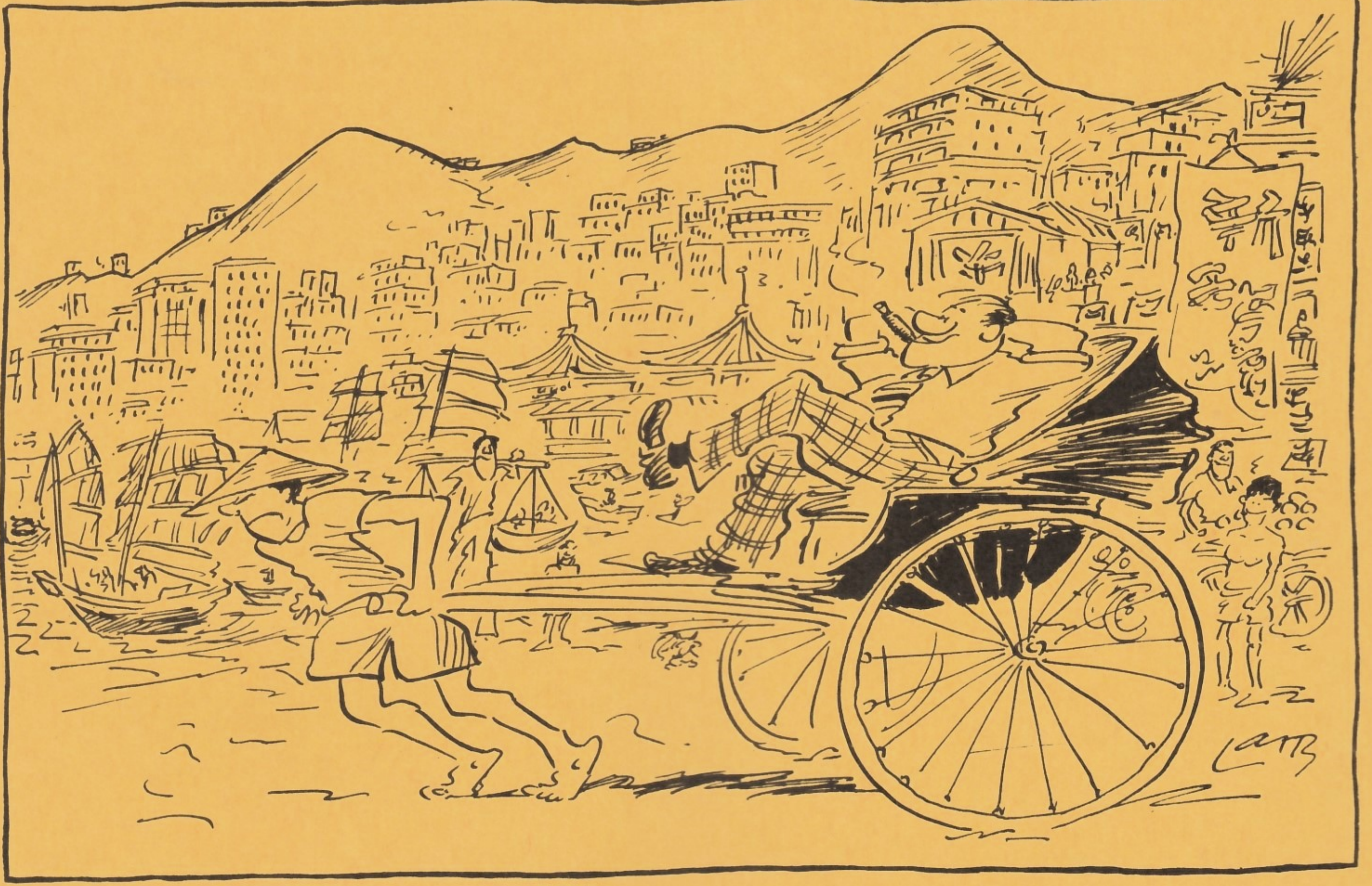
Oh no! Some College porter doing his rounds had obviously spotted us and was going to book us for walking on the grass, domain of Senior Fellows only.

'Quick!' said Soo, pulling my arm and heading for the staircase.

'HOY!' I heard the pursuing footsteps. Let's hope St D's porters were as slow as

turn to page 35

A pack of HENRI WINTERMANS cigars could win you a holiday in Hong Kong.



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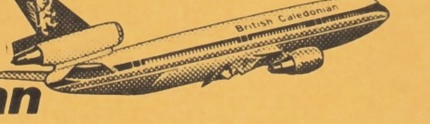

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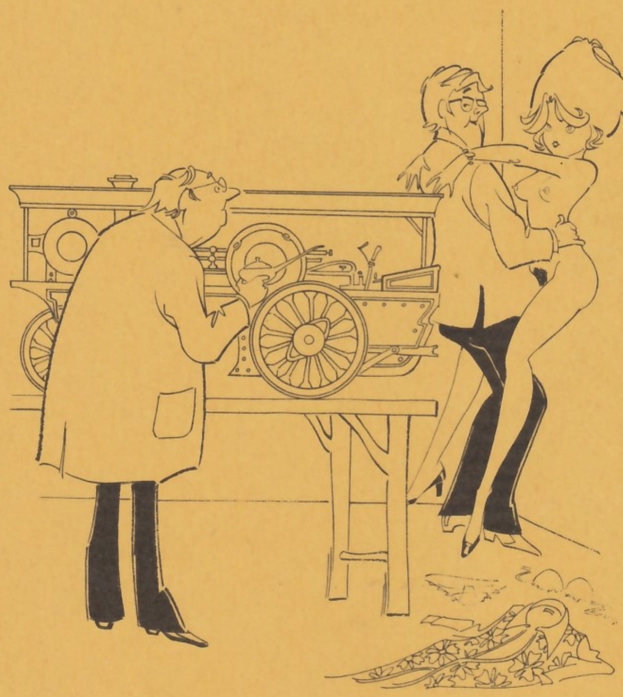
M161

EXHIBITION
OF
MODELS

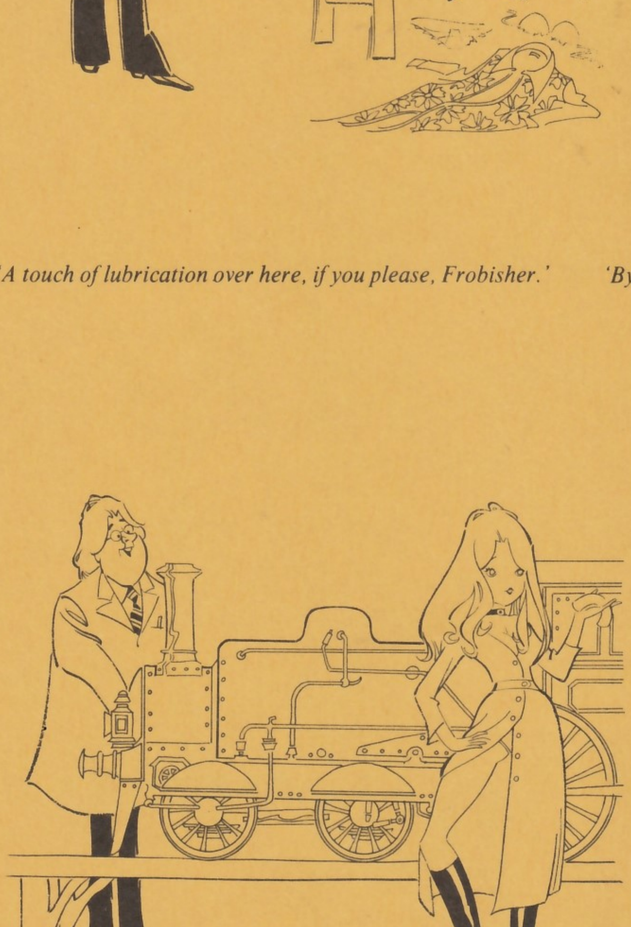
ENGINEERING SITUATIONS

Our ribald cartoonist, Paul White, constructs a few unlikely scenes from the 50th Model Engineer Exhibition

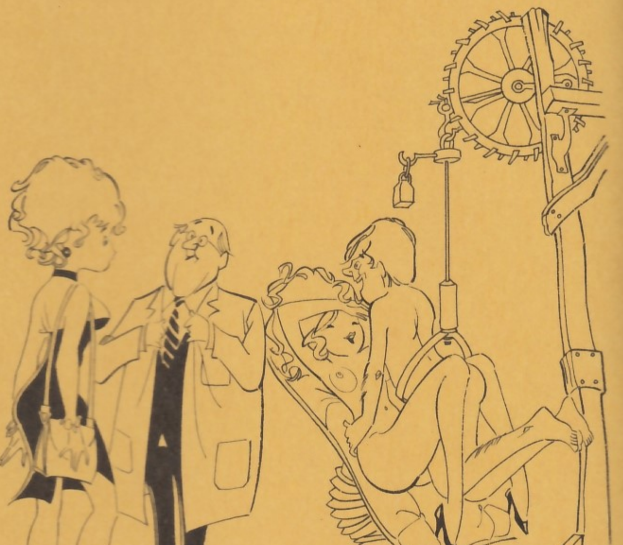


'A touch of lubrication over here, if you please, Frobisher.'

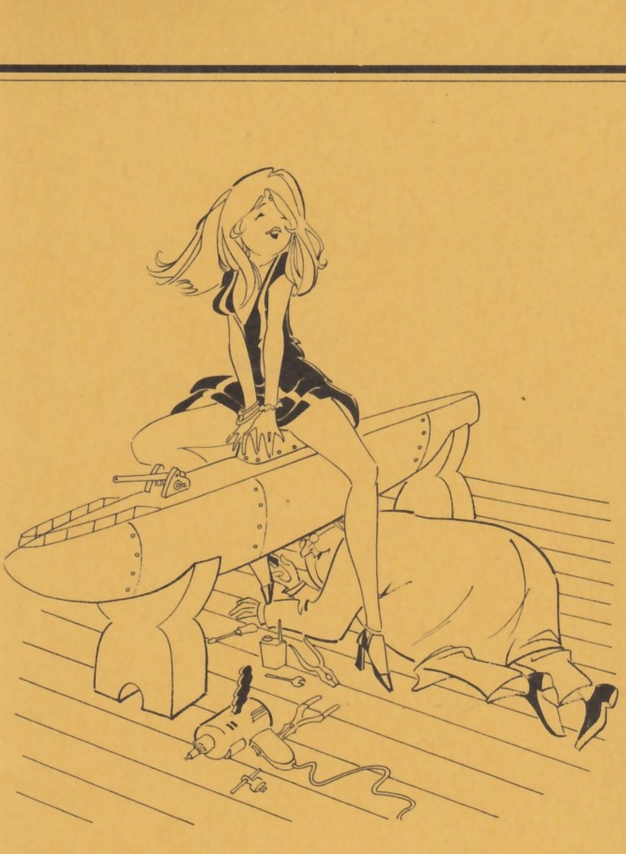
'By Jove, this old relic from the First World War is in perfect working orde



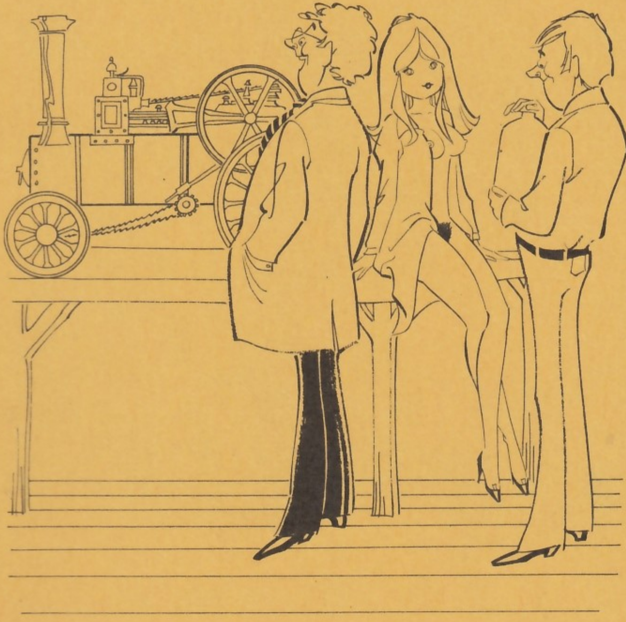
'Actually, Miss Davenish, I too have a hose going spare.'



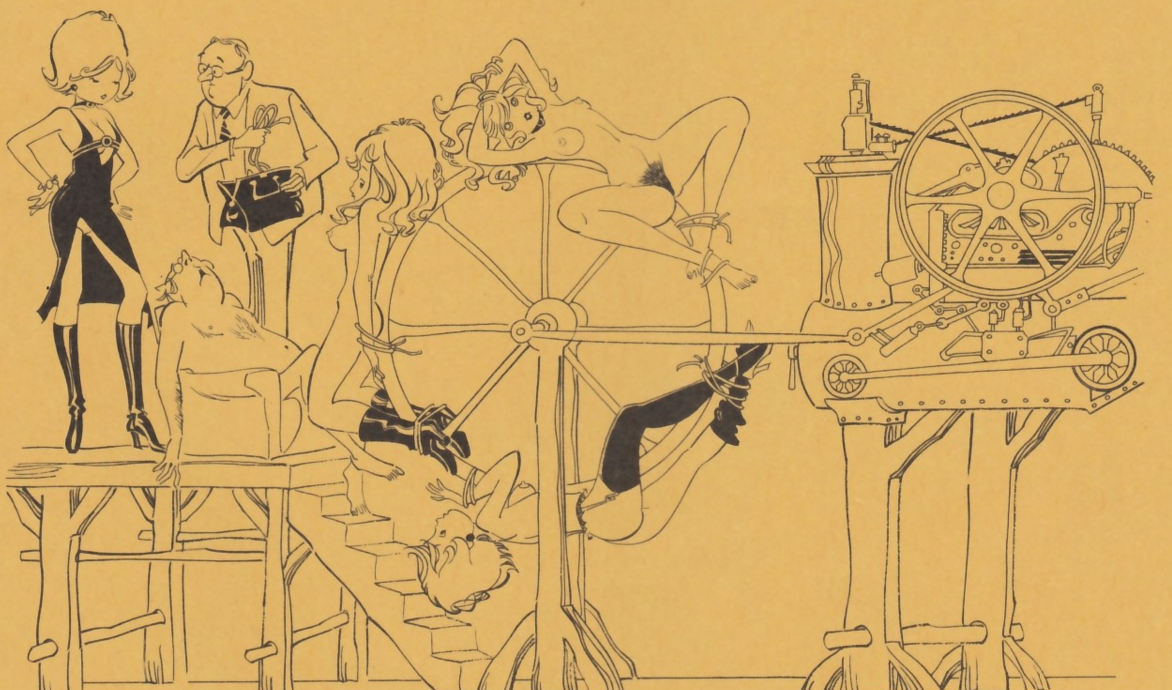
'Not only that, it also makes a most excellent cup of tea.'



'Is that periscope working now, Miss Delmar?'



'Fill her up.'



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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

There is an undeniable sense of theatre about Italian restaurants. A congenital flair that Italians bring to all their worldly dealings, whether it's pinching ladies' bottoms, or defending Giovanni's 'Nodino Di Vitello Al Rosmarino' with their lives. Then, there is that knack of making one feel that one is the most important customer in the restaurant, and that time is of no consequence. There is, too, a vibrant informality about the Italian way of doing things which commends itself as much to a dinner jacket as a tieless white shirt, within the same ambience. Even paying the bill can be a matter of protracted embarrassment.

Italian cooking is confounding the simple with sauces and spices. Do look at their veal, chicken and calves' livers. Don't bother with the beef or mussels. The cardinal spoilsport of an Italian evening is the *hors d'ouevres* table. Your taste buds will push you towards it, and the odds are that you will succumb.

I have developed a liking for combinations when ordering Italian food. At the **Santa Croce** (*112, Cheyne Walk, London SW10* Tel: 01-352 7534). I asked for Tonne e Fabioli (tuna with red beans and slices of onion), with a glass of excellent house white, followed by calves' liver, and a bottle of the red. A particularly good Chianti: their 'Torre A Decima.' Mimo Parlanti, the director, is a long time-serving Italian Londoner who, in his youth, waited table for Hitler, Mussolini and Churchill, albeit at different times. Walter is his assistant, and one of them is always at the door to welcome you. Princess Anne is a reasonably regular customer.

Having left the *Seven Hills Hotel* at Cobham, Franco Morganti has joined the recently opened **San Ruffillo** (*8, Harriet Street, London SW1*, Tel: 01-235 3969), a pocket-seater with bright tables, chairs and charm. Leave the set side of the menu. Look right, among the handwritten items, and ask Franco's assistance. Their lasagne and Rome-style semolina cheese tartlets (both 165p) are tasty firsts, and the tripe with tomato, pigs trotters, onions etc (Trippa Alla Romana) makes an excellent main dish.

I shot down to Cobham recently to meet old friends at the **San Domenico,** on the Portsmouth Road (Tel: Cobham 3285). It was packed. People were waiting in the bar, trying not to look as though they were, and I noticed a new eat and guzzle section, which was the prototype for the present Italian trattoria when the main restaurant was *haute cuisine francaise,* as *Le Provencale*, a few years back. Why not try their stuffed snails in garlic, with parsley and butter (£1.95), followed by quails in white wine with grape sauce (£4.15)? The *San Domenico* is in a superbly verdant setting. Picturesquely limpid at lunchtime; warm and vital, with recent red-brick sectioning, later on.

Never trendy, but always worthwhile, are two longer-established Italian places. **Luigi's,** *19 Tavistock Street, London WC2* (Tel: 201-240 1795), a leisured stroll west from the offices of *Mayfair*, is functional rather than glam. Its clientele – City, law, and Fleet Street – would be hard put to appreciate excessively good-looking waiters prancing around kissing their secretaries' hands. Cheap can have a double meaning. Let me say, therefore, grossly inexpensive. A spot to note, on the borders of the City of London, the old Covent Garden and Holborn, where there is a quiet caché in being seen. Try their duck, especially.

Mimmo e Pasquale (*64/65 Wilton Road, London SW1*, Tel: 01-828 6908), is Sicilian, not Italian. There is a difference. Something to do with a Signor Garibaldi, or in spite of him. I am never sure which. Clientele: very regular business, at lunch. Bottom end of tourist market and main line passengers to the south coast eating before they go home, later on. Inexpensive, again. Main courses between £2.90 and £5.10.

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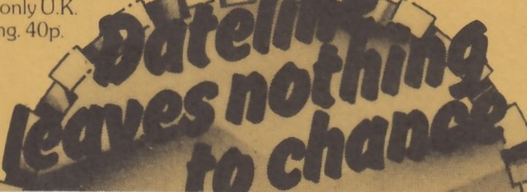
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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

In the middle of winter with cold days and dark nights it is difficult to remember what the summer and sunshine are like. But **Sweet Sounds of Summer** (Phonogram) will soon put you in a warmer mood. It is a compilation album of the summery, light, vocal harmony sound which has come to be associated with the California of the sixties. Highlights are The Hondells singing *My Buddy Seat* and the delightful *Like To Get To Know You* by the oddly-named Spanky and Our Gang. Other groups and singers featured are the Shangri-Las, Lesley Gore, The Angels, and Keith. Put this on your turntable and you'll forget that it's another six months to summer.

The brash Punk Rock/New Wave sound of the late seventies now seems to be filtering through into other types of popular music and combining with these to make its influence felt. Two contrasting examples of this have just been released. **My Beach** (Epic) by the Surf Punks is just what it sounds, a cross between the surf music of the sixties and New Wave. If the Beach Boys took to wearing leather jackets and safety pins they might sound like this. The vocals might not be quite up to the level of the old harmony bands of the surf era, but the music is enjoyable and the songs have rocking surf-style tunes. The band sing about surfing, teenage girls and getting tanned, but the words are more realistic than the rose-tinted visions of the Beach Boys. For example I can't imagine the Wilson brothers singing: 'Take your girl by the hand, Fresh fishpie in the sand.' Echo and the Bunnymen seem to be influenced by a more modern sound than the Surf Punks. Their album **Crocodiles** (Korova) has the feel of an updated psychedelic band, to use a phrase that was mercifully laid to rest at least ten years ago. But that doesn't mean their music is old hat, far from it. It has a distinctively modern sound and could only have been made in 1980, but the influence is definitely there, particularly in Will Sergeant's lead guitar. Anyone who wants to hear where New Wave is progressing to or who enjoyed the Underground sound of the late sixties should give this album a hearing. For a first album by a new band it is exceptional and we are likely to hear a lot more from this four-piece group in the near future.

Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band have been recording and releasing albums since the mid-sixties and have gone through many changes of sound and personnel. But his latest record **Doc At The Radar Station** (Virgin) proves that he is one of the most innovatory musicians and writers around today. The five-piece band have been with him for a few years now and they seem perfectly suited to putting over his strange rhythms which hypnotise and fascinate. The Captain himself wrote all the music to the songs as well as the surrealist lyrics which veer from poetry to puns and which can be amusing one moment and disquieting the next. His voice is as powerful as ever, ranging from a growl to a shriek and covering all the areas in between. This is true creative music from a man who was putting out albums while many of the New Wave musicians were still toddlers.

Invite rock and jazz musicians, poets, composers, and writers to each produce a recorded piece of not more than one minute's duration and the result is guaranteed to be fascinating. That is exactly what Morgan Fisher did on **Miniatures** (Pipe). The result is a collection of 51 tracks which are by turns hilarious, disturbing, provoking and confusing, but always entertaining. On what other album could you find a Wagner opera condensed to one minute or Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus* recited at breakneck speed in auctioneer-style. The contributors include poet Roger McGough, jazz musician George Melly and cartoonist Ralph Steadman who also illustrated the cover, as well as a host of other creative artistes. It is amazing what can be squeezed into 60 seconds and Morgan Fisher should be congratulated for coming up with such a novel idea, and showing what a staggering variety of creative work is around in 1980.

Merry Courvoisier
and a Happy New Year

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STEPHANIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

'On page 3 of the *Sun* is one of the most arousing girls I've ever seen,' wrote a reader from Reigate. 'Her name is Stephanie Laine – any chance of her appearing in *Mayfair*?' Yes, we've done it again. Here's the lovely 21-year-old.

In less than a year Stephanie's modelling career has gone from strength to strength. Is it her superb 34B–24–36 figure? Is it the way she poses for the most arousing effect? Or is it her facial expressions which vary from warm to aggressively sexy? Or more likely, is it a combination of all three qualities? She certainly loves her work, 'especially the foreign jaunts,' says Stephanie. 'They're quite well paid and it gives me a good chance to top up my suntan.' Although she's with a London agency Stephanie still lives with her folks in Birmingham, but likes to hide in the wilds of North Wales in a tent.

It's hard to visualise a top jet-setting model donning wellies and living at one with nature, but this is Stephanie's nirvana. 'Yes, every summer I pack my tent and bury myself in the wilds of Wales. I'm not too keen on the city life and would never move to London. In fact, at weekends I like to get out of Birmingham to the country-side.' Another of Stephanie's interests is wining and dining – well, who doesn't enjoy wining and dining? – she likes drinking vodka and dry white wine, and loves being taken to good restaurants. But there's one thing that annoys her when she's tucking into her *hors d'oeuvres* – and that's someone smoking nearby. 'I don't smoke myself and I think smoking in restaurants should be banned,' grumbles Stephanie, but on a happier note she does enjoy men – preferably tall, bearded, dominating in bed, and especially those who don't drop off to sleep.

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Fraternising: Academic Style

continued from page 18

they were at my own College. Soo was not heading for her own stair but one which had a myriad of corridors leading just about everywhere. She pulled me through some swing doors, up some stairs, down some others, and then up to a door marked 43, S Westfield. Westfield! I'd heard of her from my pal at St J's, who used to do some teaching for St D's. So this was the dreaded Miss Westfield who had just about demented poor old Pete. She thrust her hand down the front of her rugger shirt and pulled up a key that was on the end of a gold chain round her neck. She unlocked and we went in. Soo's hand went for the switch, and I suddenly had a brainwave.

'No, not yet,' I said. 'That porter could be lurking below waiting for a light to go on.'

'Wow,' said Soo. 'Not just the bright young lecturer, are you . . .' I couldn't detect any sarcasm.

'Soo,' I faltered, and suddenly felt faint. 'I'm sorry, I don't feel too good.'

'Nor do I. Let's sit down.'

She shut the door and the light from the corridor disappeared, leaving us in total darkness.

'Come over here,' she said, taking my hand and gently pulling me towards what I assumed was a settee. 'Here we are. Sit down.' I did. It wasn't a settee – it was probably a bed which doubled as a settee. We kept holding hands. I felt sick after all that running and the excitement, and she must have felt the same. I uncontrollably belched, very loud and very long. It was just the right icebreaker for our new situation, because seconds later Soo did the same. We laughed, and before we knew where we were, we were holding each other, still laughing, still not quite right. I couldn't stop. I tried to, but it was no good. My right hand was straight down to her thigh and I was trying to find her mouth.

'Hey,' she said, 'naughty!' And up she jumped. Oh, God. I'd done it now. Blast! Shit! Why couldn't I have played it cooler?

'Soo, look, I'm sorry, I just can't stop myself. You've no idea what it's like being a bachelor don in this place, I didn't want to hurt your feelings . . .' But then I realised I was completely on the wrong track. Soo had gone to lock the door!

'We don't want to get you into trouble, do we?' she said sweetly, switching on a small table lamp and coming back to the bed. She sat down. The awkward way she had to sit forced her rugger shirt up even further. I looked at her eyes and stretched out my arms straight onto her breasts. She parted her lips and her legs opened a fraction.

'Soo, if I don't go now, you know what's going to happen, don't you?'

'I think so.'

'Do you want to?'

She didn't have a chance to answer: there was a knock at the door.

'Bloody porter,' she whispered. 'Here, come and hide in my wardrobe.'

'Yeah, what do you want?' she shouted towards the door. I gingerly got into her wardrobe. She'd responded so fast that I reckoned this must be a regular hiding place for her lovers. It was just about big enough to sit down in. Meanwhile the porter tried the door handle and then the knocking repeated itself. Soo shut the door and turned the key. It was pitch dark.

'Who is it?' she called.

'Bob, you twit! Who the hell else?' Bob! Of course! What would she do? Send him away without opening the door? Let me out and tell him about the porter scare? Or might she just fob him off and keep me to herself for later? Bob was knocking pretty loudly by now. He was clearly suspicious.

'Shut up!' she shouted. 'I'm coming.'

'Where's Bresum?'

'He's gone. He took me as far as the side gate and then went off towards town.' So she could lie, it seemed. Not quite the purity of soul I had imagined. 'Look, why don't you clear off. I don't feel well.'

'OK, baby, I'll push off, but first of all I want a little something from you.'

My erection, which had disappeared in the turmoil of being bundled into the wardrobe, asserted itself with jealousy. What was he going to do? Kiss and grope? I was very hard by now. How could such a brief relationship make me so envious? Was it pure sex, or was it a protective urge? I clenched my fists.

'Get off, Bob. I'm not well.' A thud.

'Hey! There's not much wrong with you! Come on, get them off!'

Oh, no! I clenched my fists tighter. There was nothing I could do but sit it out. Soo

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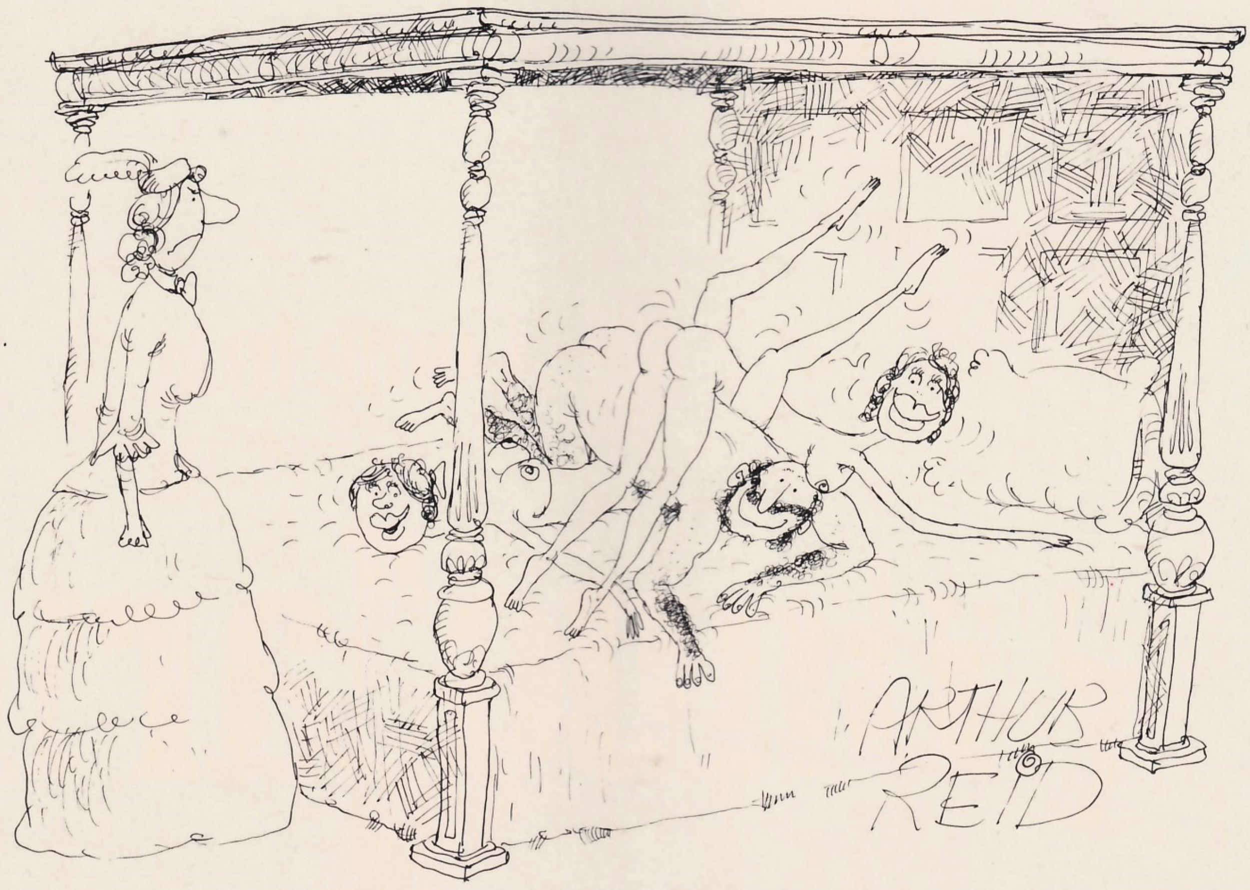
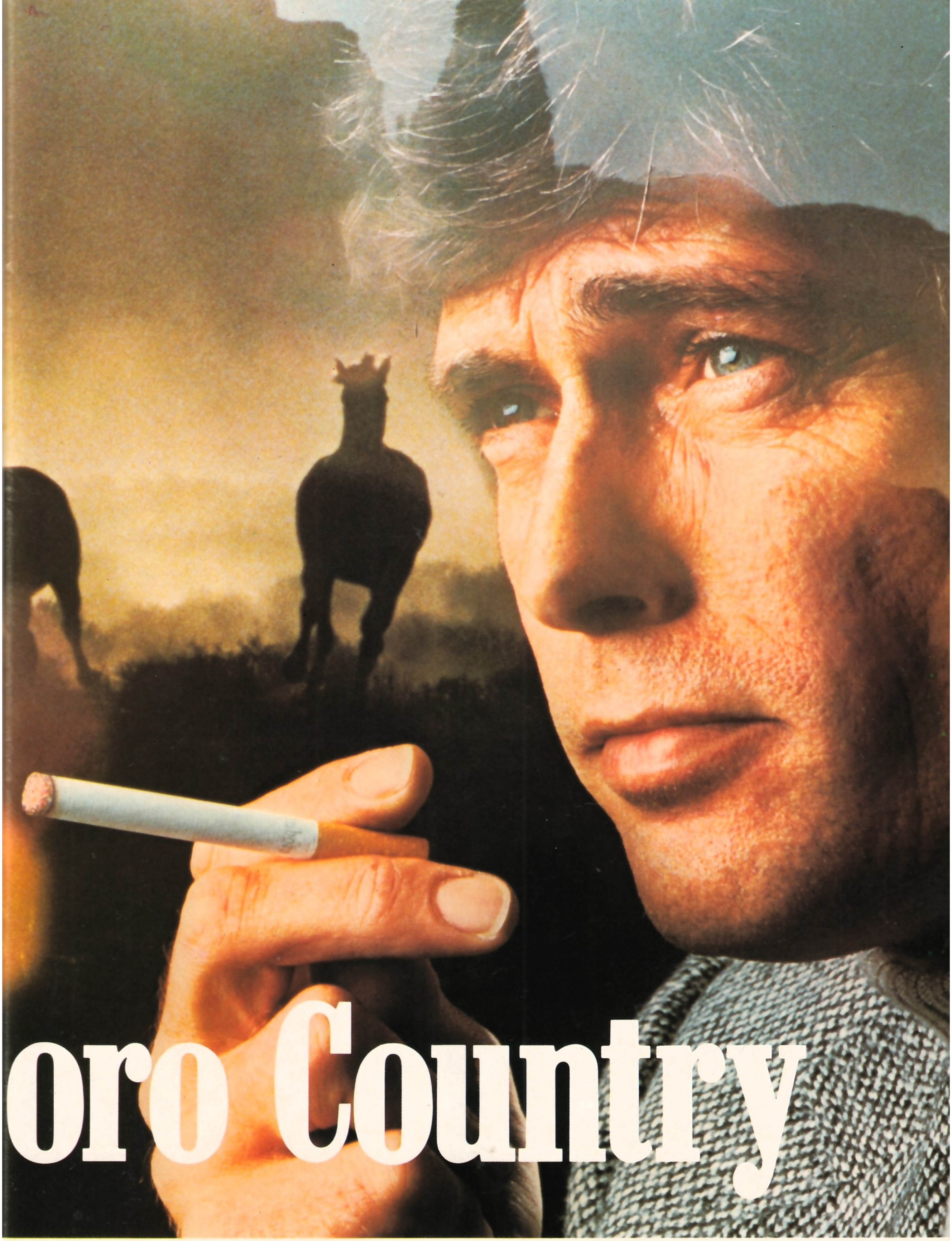


'It's all right mama – my chaperone is here!'

Come to where
the flavour is
Marlb
Marlboro
PM
INC
VENI·VIDI·VICI
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS INC.

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government H.M. Government Health Departments'


oro Country

WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Did this world-famous cut-throat really exist? A barber who killed his customers and sold their bodies to fill meat pies

Sweeney Todd the Demon Barber -Man or Myth?

By Gordon Croft

Fleet Street in the year 1785 was an entirely believable place to find a mass murderer. It was a cluttered, higgledy-piggledy street, riddled with dark alleys and unexpected courtyards, the haunt of drunkards, pimps and 'footpads' – the 18th century equivalent of muggers.

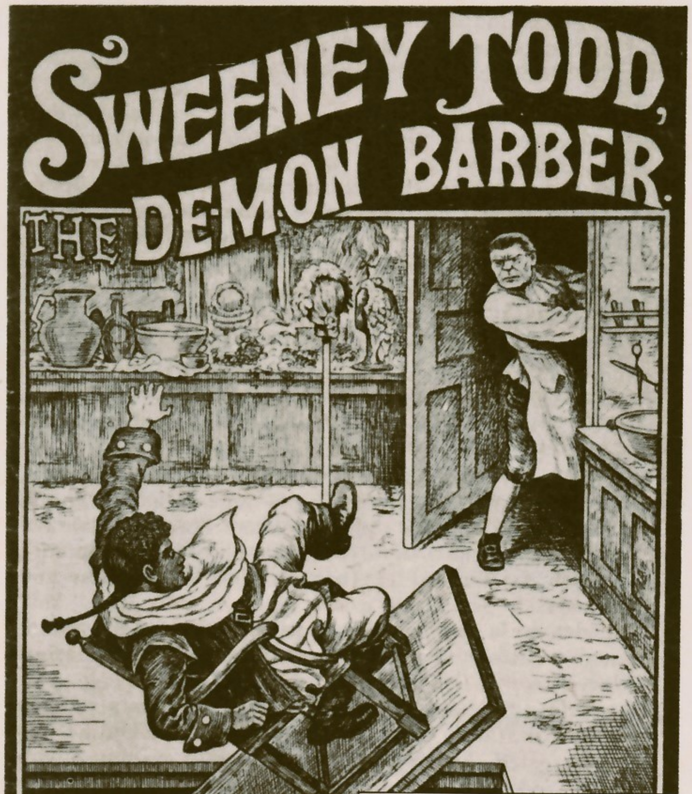
They flowed westward, up the street, from the notorious, and evil-smelling Fleet Ditch at its lower end where few respectable folk would risk their purses or their lives. But in Fleet Street itself, rich and poor, lowly and exalted, mingled easily, for at the top was Temple Bar, the tall, ornate archway that marked the western boundary of the City of London and provided a focus for the legal life of Britain. Day in day out thousands of lawyers, clerks and petitioners would pass through the surrounding Inns of Court and the Royal Courts of Justice themselves, a constant flood of visitors seeking refreshment, amusement and occasionally consolation in the less reputable thoroughfare below them that straggled to the foot of Ludgate Hill. Fleet Street could satisfy them all.

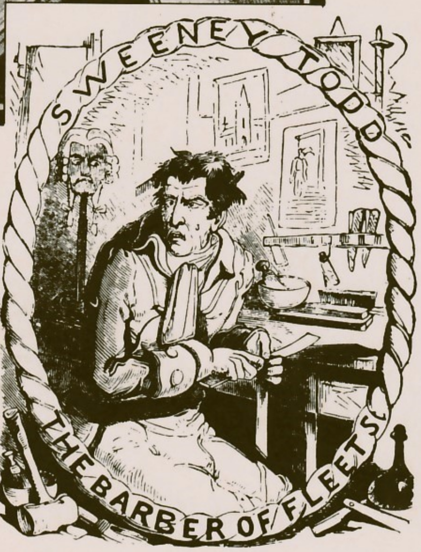
Here, between the coffee shops and the gin palaces, could be seen shows featuring dwarves and giants and men who ate burning coals, exhibitions displaying intricate models of great cities and, most famous of all, Mrs Salmon's extraordinary Waxworks.

Even the local church, St Dunstan's, offered its own unique display. Every quarter hour two small doors would open beside its clockface and 'the Giants of St Dunstan's' emerge. Two gold-painted wooden figures of savages, they were each armed with a club with which they struck two bells suspended between them. As they moved across the clockface, their heads would jerk from side to side with each blow. It was a sight few visitors to the area, and often to London itself, would forgo. And if they had wined and dined, their business complete, what better

ILLUSTRATION BY DINO D'ACHILLE

GD




SWEENEY TODD
THE BARBER OF FLEET ST.

Above: The cover of this penny theatre magazine is typical of the melodramatic depiction of Sweeney Todd since its first performance.
Right: Engraving from supposed portrait of Sweeney Todd said to be in the British Museum Collection.
Below: First ever picture of Sweeney Todd as he appeared in 'The People's Periodical', of November 28, 1846.

refreshment might there be than a wash and a clean shave in a nearby barber shop And of course Fleet Street could provide that service too.

It was entirely credible that a visitor would find, huddling in the very shadow of St Dunstan's, at No 186, a dark, dust-encrusted shop front, a sign in thick, grubby, yellow letters above the door reading: Sweeney Todd, Barber.

It would look no more salubrious an establishment than most others in the street, but the travel-worn visitor might be inclined to overlook that simply for convenience sake.

If that same visitor was prosperous and likely to boast of his fat purse, he would be on the point of a fatal mistake. For, as every schoolboy knows, once through that door, he would have placed himself in the clutches of Fleet Street's notorious 'demon barber', a man who specialised in robbing and murdering lone travellers, and disposing of their corpses in a particularly gruesome and ingenious manner. With the customer settled in the barber's chair, the proprietor would find some excuse to slip into a back room and release a securing bolt. Though the barber's chair might seem to rest solidly on the floor, it was in fact attached to a movable base which swung on a central pivot. With the bolt gone, the customer's weight would instantly tip the chair backwards, pitching the unfortunate occupant through a hole in the floor, while an identical chair, fixed to the underside of the base, rose to take its place.

If the fall to the cellar below had not killed him, the demon barber would complete the task himself – probably with the razor he had used to shave his victim seconds before.

Stripped of clothes and valuables, the body would be dragged from the cellar through a series of vaults that formed part of St Dunstan's to a similar cellar barely a hundred yards away below Bell Yard, an alleyway leading off Fleet Street and flanking the Royal Courts of Justice. Here were the ovens of Mrs Lovett's pie shop above, an establishment well known in the area for the excellence of its mutton pies, though even its most ardent admirers would sometimes remark that it had strangely few deliveries of meat for so large an output.

So runs the legend of the world's most famous and horrific barber – Sweeney Todd – a tale repeated through dozens of magazines, books, stage melodramas, films and scholarly dissertations on its basis in fiction or fact. Today, Sweeney Todd is as much a part of London's heritage as Guy Fawkes, Sherlock Holmes or the Pearly Kings. He is a stock pantomime villain, recognised by all. His name is commemorated – via Cockney rhyming slang – in the popular term for Scotland Yard's élite Flying Squad – 'The Sweeney'. And a leader writer in *The Times Literary Supplement* has even suggested that the word 'hairdresser' was first adopted at the end of the nineteenth century because the huge Victorian popularity of Sweeney Todd had

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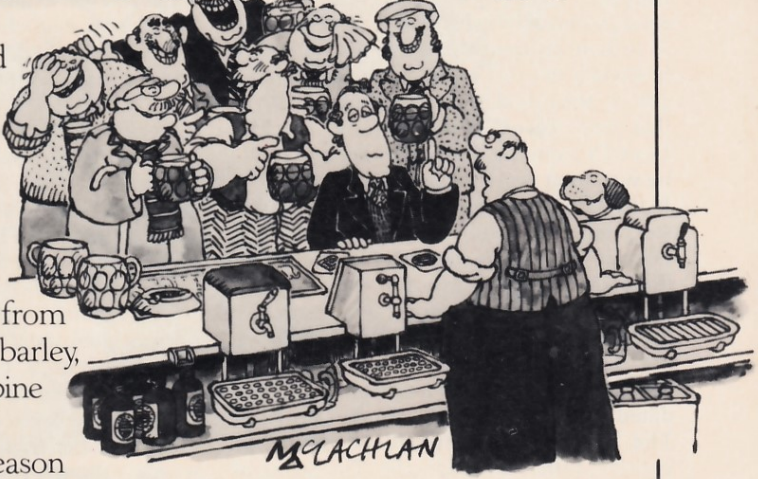
They used to laugh when I ordered a Pils.

I couldn't blame them for the occasional titter. The drink, after all, did have some curious connotations.

Then one day I noticed Löwenbräu Pils. It was a Pils – but, unlike others, the curious thing about it seemed to be the lengths its brewers went to in achieving perfection.



They matured it for ten weeks instead of the usual eight and, by their insanely strict rules, they brewed it only in Munich and only from the best available barley, hops and local Alpine water.

There was reason behind the madness, however, a 400 year old Bavarian law, the 'Reinheitsgebot' which stipulates only those ingredients and no others.

All this makes Löwenbräu a unique Pils and, I also learned, the quality of the ingredients and the extra brewing time give Löwenbräu Pils its distinctively light, dry taste. They also give it its lower than usual carbohydrate content and its higher alcoholic strength.

The combination of that knowledge and the fact that Löwenbräu are anxious to maintain their 600 year old reputation for quality are the reason for what I now hear when I sip my Löwenbräu Pils, which is the serious sound of others doing the same.

LÖWENBRÄU
since 1383
DIÄT
Pils
LAGER
STRONG IN ALCOHOL
MÜNCHEN

ORIGINAL GRAVITY 1047.
ALCOHOL 6.25% BY VOLUME.

FIRST RECORDED DATE OF LÖWENBRÄU BREWING 597 YEARS AGO.

BREWING PRIZES WON BY LÖWENBRÄU.

'PILS' MEANS BREWED TO THE 'PILSENER' TASTE.

MAXIMUM CARBOHYDRATE (EXPRESSED AS GLUCOSE) 1g PER 100 ml.

DISTINCTIVE LÖWENBRÄU PILS GLASS. FREQUENTLY PINCHED FROM PUBS.

THE PILS TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY
LÖWENBRÄU

Sweeney Todd

continued from page 40

vulgarised the formerly respectable word 'barber.'

The legend has the hallmark of what today would be a *Jaws*-type best-seller: stark horror allied to the most commonplace experience. Anyone who has ever submitted his throat to a barber's razor has wondered what might happen if the razor slipped. Sweeney's chair – a humble enough object in itself – becomes a weapon of instant death at the drawing of a bolt: a brilliantly original idea on any level, and a gift to theatrical representation. And for that final *frisson* of horror there are Mrs Lovett's cannibal pies – can anyone really be sure what is in the meat pies they eat?

If the tale had been invented by a master story-teller it could not have been more effective at chilling the blood or sticking in the memory, which is just as well, because that, more or less, is how it came about.

Sweeney Todd first saw the light of day on the front page of issue number seven of *The People's Periodical and Family Library*, dated the week ending November 21, 1846. The story which introduced him was entitled, rather misleadingly: 'The String of Pearls: a romance.' With its 16 pages of tiny, closely packed type, set off by a single, invariably lurid engraving on the front cover, *The People's Periodical* was a typical Victorian 'Penny Blood'. Flourishing in the first half of the nineteenth century, these were a first attempt to exploit the growing literacy of the Victorian public. Cheaply produced and cheaply sold – with an excellent profit for both publisher and vendor – they specialised in lengthy serials which ran through dozens of issues.

King of the 'bloods' or 'penny dreadfuls', as they came to be called, was Edward Lloyd, the editor of *The People's Periodical.* Between 1836 and 1856, Lloyd, who started as a newsagent and bookseller, published over 200 'bloods' from his offices at 12 Salisbury Square, Fleet Street. So successful was he that he not only made his personal fortune but founded the Salisbury Square School of Fiction, a style developed by his own coterie of industrious hacks who were often writing up to ten serials a week each, and without benefit of a typewriter. Though Lloyd insisted that his stories demonstrated only the 'evil fruits and deep vexation of spirit' caused by vice, his subject matter was almost limitless, and not at all hampered by plagiarism. Following hard on Charles Dickens' popular successes came Lloyd's no less popular *Penny Pickwick, Oliver Twiss,* and *Martin Guzzlewit;* there were domestic romances like *Ada, the Betrayed* and *Alice Horne, or the Revenge of the Blighted One;* criminal exposés like *Lives of the Most Notorious Highwaymen,* and Gothic horrors like *The Ranger of the Tomb* and *Varney the Vampire* – which ran to 220 chapters. Eventual length depended entirely on the success of the story. A popular serial would continue for as long as the readers displayed interest; an unpopular one would end quickly, and not always logically. There was always the risk that an aggrieved writer could make mischief. One writer called James Malcolm Rymer, having been made a better offer by a rival publisher, contrived to place his entire cast on a boat in the Thames, at which point he drowned them all. Lloyd managed to have them rescued miraculously for the next issue. Lloyd's leading writer – though few were ever credited in his publications – was Thomas Peckett Prest. And it is to Prest that credit goes for the creation of Sweeney Todd.

A shadowy figure, he is alleged to have been related to the Archdeacon of Durham but he was better known in Fleet Street for his frequent drunkenness, his bad debts and his prodigious literary output. Acknowledged author of *The Maniac Father, or The Victims of Seduction, Vice and Its Victims, or Phoebe, the Peasant's Daughter,* and *Geralda, the Demon Nun,* he wrote well over half of the Salisbury Square 'bloods', as well as innumerable music-hall songs, plays and articles before succumbing to TB in 1879. His 'String of Pearls' was well written, if rather wordy – he was, after all, paid by length – and began as tentatively as most serials of the time, though its popularity drew it out to 37 chapters through 18 consecutive issues of the *Periodical.*

It opens with Sweeney Todd himself – 'a long, low-jointed, ill-put-together sort of fellow, with an immense mouth, and such huge hands and feet, that he was, in his way, quite a natural curiosity.' He has 'a most terrific head of hair' in which his combs are kept and is given to squinting and inexplicable outbursts of laughter – 'cachinatory effusions', as Prest happily describes it. Discovered in his Fleet Street shop he is busy warning a new apprentice, Tobias Ragg, that whatever occurs in his establishment must remain secret on pain of death, when a customer enters. He is Lieutenant Thornhill, newly returned from India with a string of valuable pearls. He is to deliver them to Johanna Oakley with the news that her sweetheart, one Mark Ingestrie, is 'no more'. Once this is learned Sweeney despatches his apprentice on an errand and, immediately afterwards, Lieutenant Thornhill, by means of his revolving chair.

After a brief introduction to 18-year-old, raven-haired, blue-eyed heroine Johanna, currently bemoaning the fact that her lover has not returned from a two-year sojourn in India on the day he promised, we return to Sweeney Todd's where two friends of Lieutenant Thornhill are questioning the barber – Thornhill's dog has led them to the shop. 'Oh, to be sure, he came here,' agrees Sweeney, 'and I shaved him and polished him off!' A macabre *double entendre* is one of Prest's hallmarks.

Meanwhile Johanna receives a message to meet a stranger who has news of Mark Ingestrie. It turns out to be Colonel Jeffrey of the Indian Army who tells her about Lieutenant Thornhill, the pearls he was carrying to her, and his mysterious disappearance after visiting Sweeney Todd.

Another change of scene and we are in the cellar kitchen of Mrs Lovett's pie shop where the pie-maker is clearly under some mental strain. 'I must leave tonight,' he vows. 'I know too much – my brain is full of horrors. I have not slept now for five nights, nor dare I eat anything but the raw flour.' Why is not explained because a masked figure promptly smashes his skull with a hammer. A little later Mrs Lovett – described as 'buxom, young and good-looking' – welcomes a new pie-maker called Jarvis Williams who gets the job only on condition that he never leaves the cellar.

In the meantime, Johanna, now deeply suspicious of Sweeney, decides to disguise herself and take a job in the shop as his assistant. There is a brief description of 'a dreadful charnel-house sort of smell' currently permeating the interior of St Dunstan's, though neither clerics nor congregation can explain it. Prest adds the macabre comment: 'Indeed so bad was it, that some of the congregation were forced to leave, and have been seen to slink into Bell Yard, where Lovett's pie-shop was situated, and then and there solace themselves with a pork or veal pie, in order that their mouths and noses should be full of a delightful and agreeable flavour . . .'

Tobias Ragg, the apprentice, now searches Sweeney's shop and learns his secret – only to be seized by Todd and incarcerated in a mad-house at Peckham Rye. But the tide is turning against the demon barber. Colonel Jeffrey informs a London magistrate who

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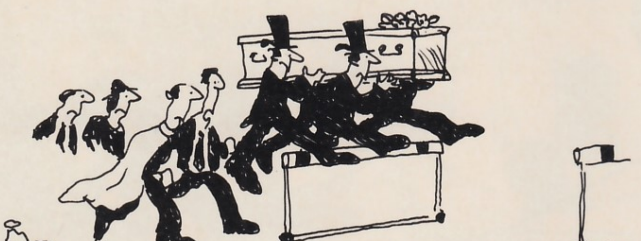


'As one of the world's greatest hurdlers we thought he'd like it this way.'

SARA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Sara Hope-Walker enjoys contorting her body into awkward positions. It helps keep her 35–23–34 figure supple for ballet – Sara's main interest. She's trained in ballet and is keeping her fingers crossed that a part in a forthcoming London production – which shall remain nameless – will come her way. Well, even if 18-year-old Sara's pirouettes aren't perfect, at least her teeth are. You see, her father used to be a dentist with private practices in Guildford and Cranleigh, Surrey, and he wouldn't let her go for more than six months without an inspection. 'You wouldn't believe this, but it was great having a father as a dentist because you could scream as much as you liked without feeling embarrassed. I used to help Dad at the surgery during school holidays and it didn't bother me. I'm not squeamish at all. In fact, I would have liked to have been a dentist myself, but I don't have the patience for all the studying.' So Sara is now a full-time model and ballet hopeful. She lives in Portsmouth and by way of relaxation Sara likes to play around. 'No, not play around – play a round – a round of golf! I used to play with Dad at Hindhead Golf Club, but now I usually play at Waterlooville.'

Another of Sara's pastimes is skinny-dipping in the wee hours off our coastline. She goes with Julie Mills – remember her from *Mayfair* V15/1 when she confessed to swimming nude in the sea at Brighton and Southsea? – well, Sara and Julie are best of friends. 'We get up to all sorts of things together,' confesses Sara, 'and Julie's a real tearaway.' But by the sound of it Sara is quite a tearaway herself if her school days are anything to go by. She went to St Michael's Convent School in Uckfield and got up to various capers including locking a nun in a cupboard one evening and running away when she was 16. 'It was like an escape from Colditz. I was chased by nuns and I just ran and ran in the dark across the fields.' Well, the nuns didn't manage to catch her, but lensman Ed Alexander certainly did.

JANUARY

'Vice scandals involving hospitals and institutions could come to light.'

Old Mayfair's Almanac

Cartoonist Peter Maddocks puts
his own ribald interpretations to some of the
events predicted for the coming year

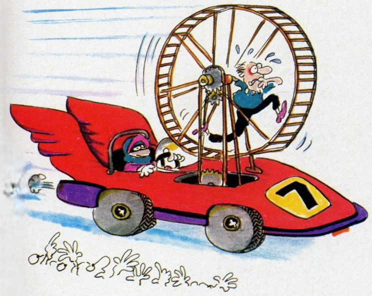
FEBRUARY

'Concern is indicated about the loss of
national art treasures to overseas buyers.'

LE CRUNCH
BUY BRITISH
APPLES

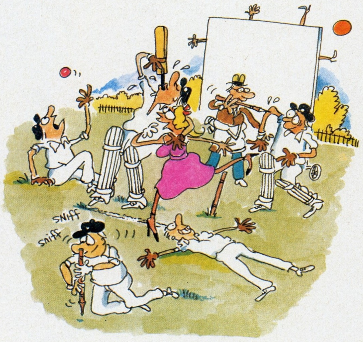
MARCH

'Violent arguments and upsets with
trading partners are likely to continue.'



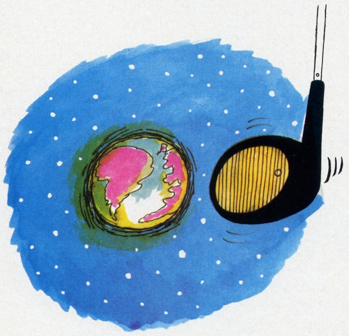
APRIL

'Important developments in fuel technology are indicated.'



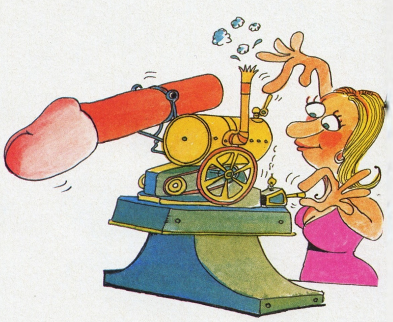
MAY

'Scandals involving sportsmen and drug-taking are likely.'



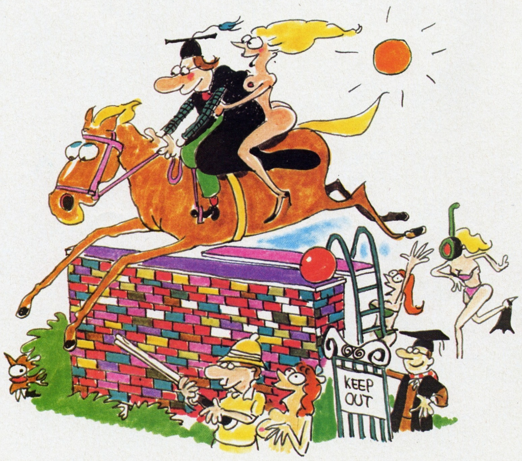
JUNE

'Astronomers could announce some startling new discoveries about the structure of the galaxy.'



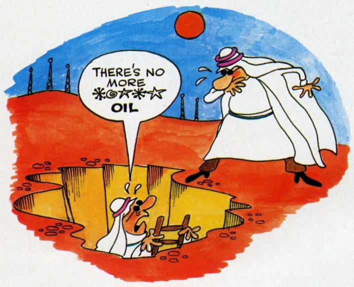
JULY

'A highly important invention could be given world-wide acclaim.'



AUGUST

'There could be a boom in adventure holidays and a growth of open university summer schools.'



SEPTEMBER

'There could be a problem with international oil supplies.'

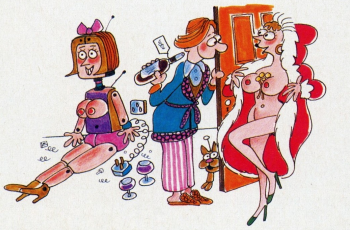
OCTOBER

'At Newmarket the Cambridgeshire may be won by a four-year-old carrying eight stone six pounds.'

AMBULANCE
XXX
GIN
SKY
RUM
RY
XXX

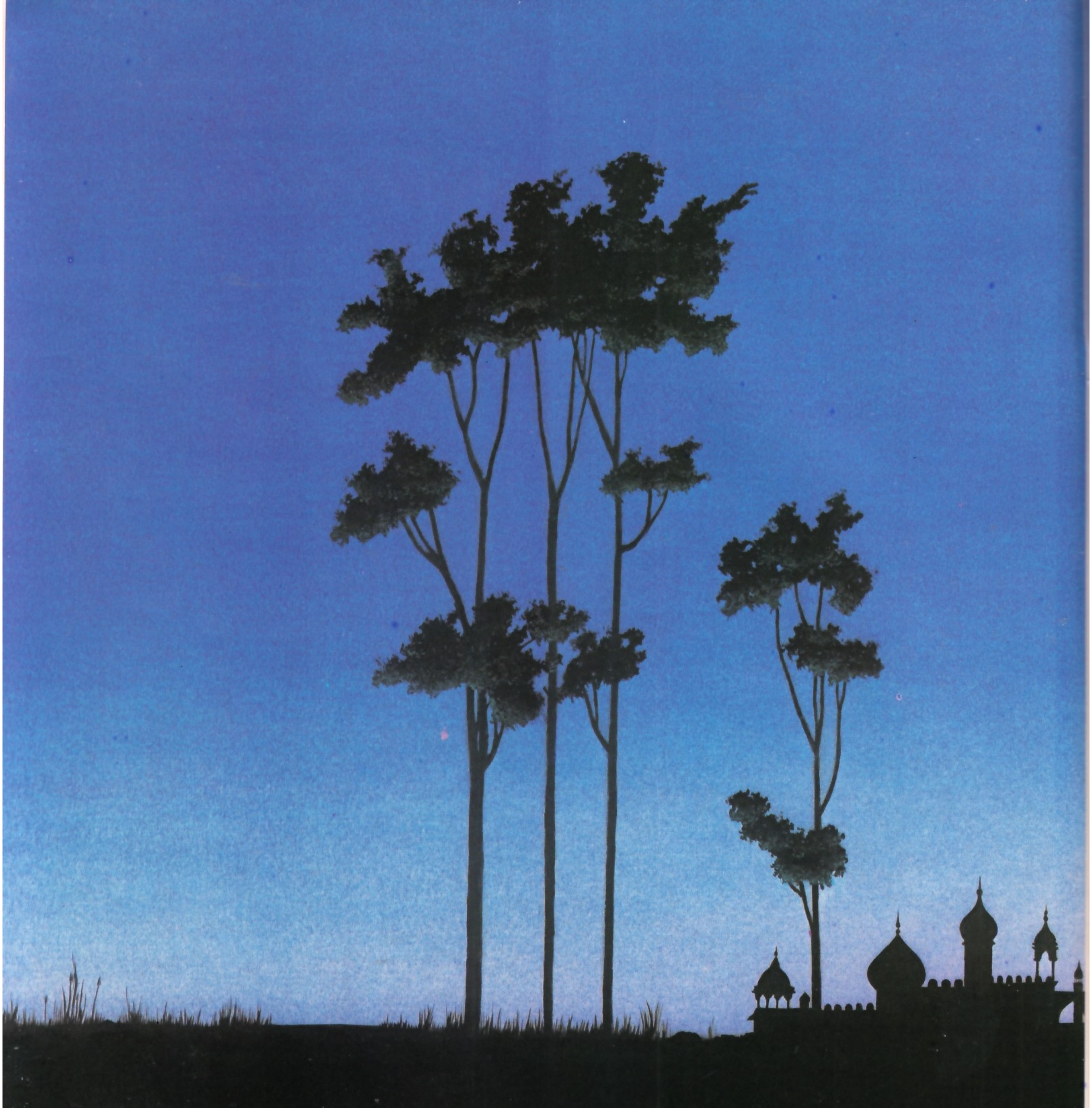
NOVEMBER

'The introduction of alternative medicine into the health service could be given encouragement.'



DECEMBER

'Electronic toys continue to be popular, but there will be a resurgence of interest in traditional gifts and customs.'



The Indian Rope Trick–how it's done

This remarkable illusion for many years baffled all investigators and foiled all the attempts to expose it. Now Marc Cramer reveals the fakir's secret

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES

Over the last hundred years the Indian rope trick has acquired more fame and prompted more heated debate than any other feat of magic in the Hindu conjurer's infinitely deep bag of tricks.

Indian magicians (or *fakirs*, an Arabic word meaning 'the humble one') and wonder-workers could once be seen on the streets of London performing minor miracles for a few coins. As a small boy on my first visit to the Tower of London I can recall seeing an august-looking and apparently comfortable Hindu magician lying on a bed of thick iron spikes totally impervious to what was going on around him. I can remember my father telling me that the spikes were really made out of rubber and that the wonder before my eyes was a mere sleight of hand. Those were the days before the public became conscious of yoga and the amazing control its higher adepts can assert over the nervous system to slow down the heart beat, rate of breathing and perception of pain. Through years of rigorous training and discipline, yogis can suspend bodily functions and be buried for

long periods followed by a seemingly miraculous resurrection.

But fakir*ism*, which may include genuine feats of yogic bodily control (such as the Hindu I saw outside the Tower), may also include a bit of fak*ery*. Deceptions such as the multiplication of pieces of gold or the pseudo-miraculous growth of a mango seed into a mature plant in a matter of moments have cast a pall of chicanery on Indian magic and many of the more spectacular of their feats have been indelibly branded as frauds or the result of mass hallucination. The greatest of Indian magical manifestations, the famous rope trick, has been wrongfully shoved into the pigeonhole of so-called 'mass hallucination/collective illusion', and there it is likely to remain. Soon the Indian rope trick will be forgotten as there is virtually no-one in our day and age who is capable of performing the trick, and its secret, which was passed on from father to son, will soon disappear. If remembered at all by future generations, the trick will just be looked upon as a myth or as a mass delusion.

The earliest references to the so-called rope ruse go back many thousands of years to the pre-Christian writings of Buddhist monks and their devotees. We in the West might never have heard of the rope trick or taken it the least bit seriously if it were not for the writings of the famous Moroccan explorer and geographer, Ibn Batuta. One rather fateful evening in the year 1360, Ibn Batuta attended a dinner party at the Royal Court of Akbah Khan in Hang-Tcheou. After the feast the Khan invited his guests to join him in the Palace Gardens where he had arranged a surprise entertainment. Later that night Ibn Batuta described a very mysterious conjuring act in his journals and some 620 years later we are now able to fully appreciate the accuracy of the Mohammedan's notes and discover the closely guarded secret of the rope trick.

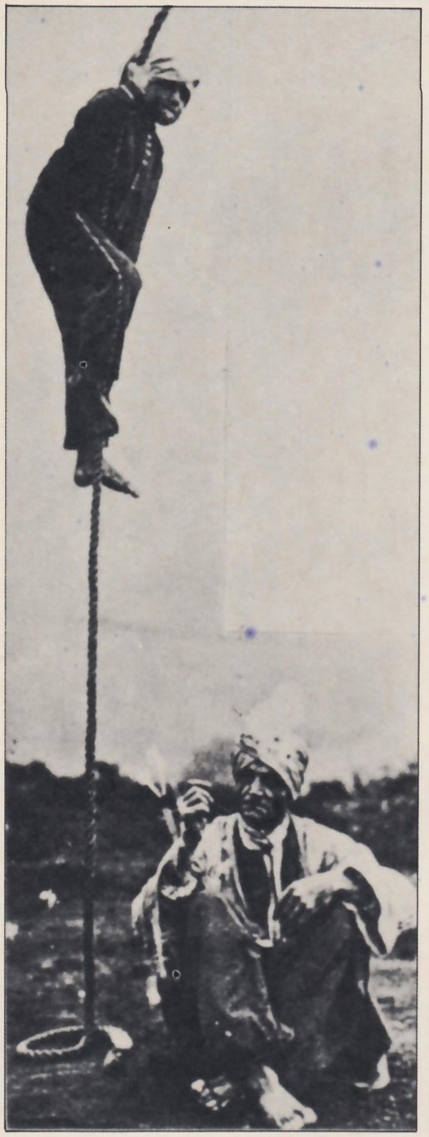
'When the feast was over,' wrote Ibn Batuta, 'one of the entertainers took a ball of wood which had several holes through which he passed a rope. He threw it into the air and it went up to a point where we could no longer see it, finally to be held there without visible support. When there was only a little end of the rope in his hand, the entertainer told one of his assistants to hang on to the rope and climb into the air, which he did, until we could no longer see him. The entertainer called him three times without response. Then he took his knife in hand, as if he were angry, grabbed the cord and disappeared also.'

At this point Ibn Batuta's story grew even more bizarre and unbelievable. 'Next,' he continued, 'the magician threw on the ground the hand of the child who had climbed the rope, then a foot, after that the other hand, then the other foot, the body and (finally) the head. He came down out of breath, his clothes tinged with blood . . . the entertainer took the limbs of the young boy and put them on the ground in their original position. He then gave the mutilated body a slight kick and there was the child, who got up and stood quite straight, completely whole.'

It is stretching the imagination to talk of children scurrying up ropes suspended in mid-air and then suddenly disappearing, but it is utterly outrageous to expect people to believe that a boy can be cut up into many pieces and then resurrected intact. Since there is no way to explain such phenomena in scientific terms, succeeding generations naturally believed that Ibn Batuta and others who reported the Indian rope trick were either tellers of tall-tales or blatant charlatans out to deceive the public for the sake of a few coins. Who could blame our forefathers for at first not taking the ancient reports of the fakeristic wonder seriously and then later in the Victorian era attributing contemporary accounts to the workings of the newly discovered, all-embracing, all-explaining science of the mind – hypnotism?

During the 1890s when the general public's newly-found fascination with the novelty of hypnosis merged with a fresh wave of interest in psychical research, curiosity about Hindu magic and the famous but yet unwitnessed rope trick was at an all time high. Sceptical scientists were palming the whole thing off on the popular hypothesis of 'mass hallucination' while mystics and psychics firmly held their ground and claimed that unknown forces were responsible for the mysterious phenomenon. With a good deal of bitter argument back and forth, the great race to prove or disprove the rope trick was on.

Determined to be the first to bring everyone back down to earth, the respected American newspaper, the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, sent their writer, S Ellmore, and a painter named Lessing, a graduate of the prestigious Yale University, to India to photograph, sketch and otherwise expose the infamous Hindu hoax.



An English magician, Karachi, and his son attempt to win money with their version of the Indian rope trick. But it was not the real thing as performed by fakirs and they did not get their money.

Although it was common knowledge that the trick was seldom performed, the two gentlemen met with extraordinarily good fortune and managed to return to American shores with an armful of excellent sketches and photographs which proved, once and for all, that the Indian rope trick was nothing more than a 'collective hallucination'. When the film was developed using the standard methods of the day, all that could be seen was an obviously entranced group of baggy-trousered Hindu peasants sitting around a fakir. There was no erect rope or boy – butchered or intact – positioned at the top. Since the photos and Lessing's drawings had failed to reveal the things seen by the crowd, it was concluded that the devious trick had to be explained as a fraud induced by mass hypnotic suggestion. The article appeared in August 1890 and the public could take the *Tribune's* word that yet another mystical hoax had been ruthlessly exposed.

It was now clear that the spectacular and gruesome report of Ibn Batuta could be attributed to the same sort of hypnotic influence that a Hindu snake charmer uses to control his dancing serpent, and that the good people of Chicago would hear no more of the rope trick. A few months after Mr S Ellmore's exposé had been printed, the voices of the psychical researchers were to be heard again – and this time very vociferously. What the editors of the *Chicago Daily Tribune* did not know was that for years psychical researchers had been investigating so-called 'spirit photography' where a ghost would appear in a photograph of a grieving relative. If anyone could spot a faked photograph of an alleged psychical phenomenon it was a trained researcher, and a few months after the article appeared in print it came to light that the Lessing-Ellmore photographs were fakes and that the story had been an outright fabrication. The painter Lessing had never in his life set foot on soil within a thousand mile radius of the land of Indra, Siva and Kali. What was worse, the journalist S Ellmore had never existed in the first place. There was no such person and the pressured publisher was forced to print a retraction. Caught in the act of perpetrating a blatant hoax, the editors of the *Tribune* confessed that the name of the writer was a cryptic, if not cynical, hint to the paper's more alert readers. For when pronounced phonetically the name is heard as 'sell more'. The photographs and the story had simply been cooked up to sell more newspapers.

Thirty years on, the Indian rope trick was still very much a living issue when the London Magic Circle was addressed by its president, Colonel Elliot. Anxious to resolve the long years of debate, in February 1919 the Colonel's group offered a prize of £8,000, a veritable fortune in those days, to anyone who could come forth and successfully perform the rope trick under carefully controlled scientific conditions. Since there were no known practising fakirs in the London of the 1920s, the Circle extended their search for a wonder-working fakir in India. Therefore an advertisement was placed in the *Times of India* offering the generous prize to any adept of Hindu magic able to perform the illusive feat. After all, they reasoned, what fakir would not jump at the chance to go from rags to untold riches in the time it takes to shimmy up a length of hemp?

Much to their disappointment and consternation no-one responded to the worthy challenge and the downhearted Colonel and his Magic Circle concluded that the trick simply could not be done. What the Circle had overlooked in their zeal and naïveté was the obvious fact that fakirs in those days were itinerant performers in

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The Indian Rope Trick

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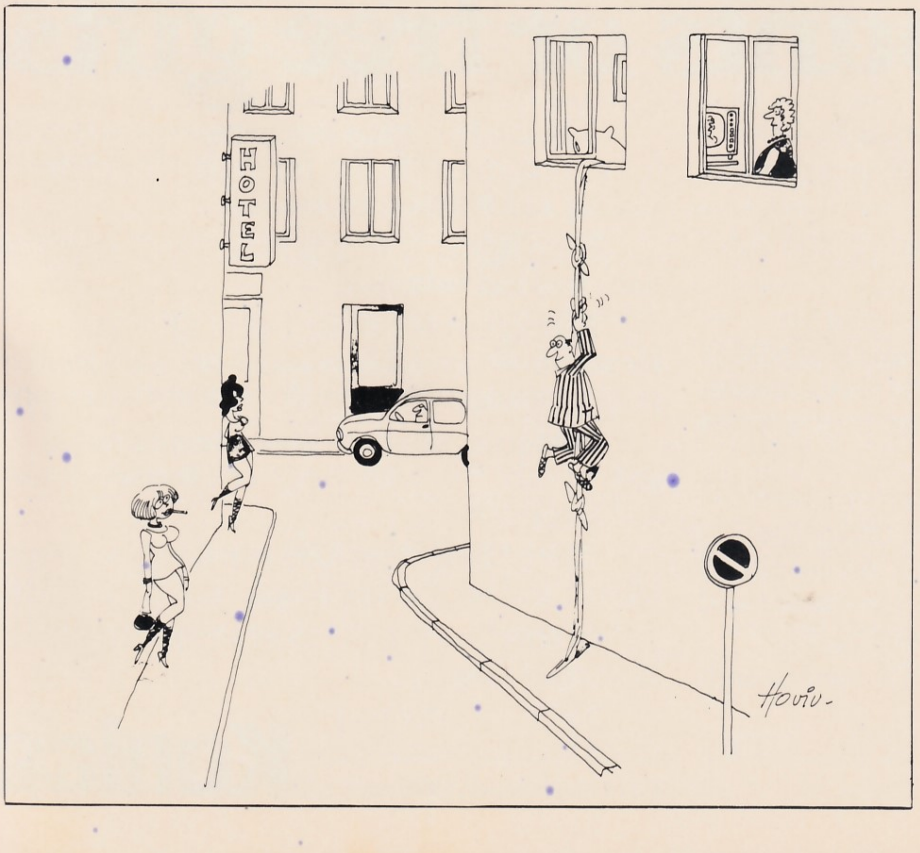
rural areas whose activities did not include such gentlemanly pastimes as reading English language newspapers. Virtually all fakirs in the 1920s were illiterate and those who could speak a few words of broken English were not able to read it. Unfortunately the Magic Circle nodded their heads in sad agreement that the rope trick was a 'collective hallucination', a tidy theory with only one fault: it was wrong.

Hypnosis, like all other psychological procedures and techniques, is subject to certain principles. Today there is a growing school of thought that dismisses the possibility of 'mass hypnosis', and most modern psychologists would agree that the concept of 'collective hallucination' is more of a pseudo-scientific relic from a romantic and naïve epoch of medical history than an actual fact. But even if we were willing to admit to the possibility – however remote – that such things are possible, we would still be unable to legitimately explain the Indian rope trick as a phenomenon produced by mass hypnotic suggestion.

In the intervening years between the *Chicago Daily Tribune's* farce and the efforts of Colonel Elliot, a group of English and Irish soldiers were stationed in Upsala where they witnessed a performance virtually identical to the one reported by Ibn Batuta in the fourteenth century. In order to understand why the rope trick cannot possibly be the product of mesmerism, let's envisage a similar situation as seen by the soldiers in India, but this time in reverse. That is, instead of having as observers a group of Britons and Celts watching a Hindu magician, let us suppose that I am a remarkable hypnotist touring India where I am giving demonstrations of my (hypothetical) skill to native audiences. It is well known that some individuals will always be totally resistant to the suggestions of even the best hypnotist, but let me take the liberty of presenting myself as the Svengali of mesmerism able to entrance anyone and everyone. I arrive at a hall to offer a public demonstration of my remarkable craft to discover, much to my surprise, that half of my audience is composed of say Tamils, who, unlike the Hindi-speaking population of Delhi, don't always understand English. Unaware of the full implications I proceed with my demonstration and in subtle shades of mellifluous English I succeed in putting my audience under and suggesting that they mentally conjure up an image of a sacred white elephant. Sooner or later I am bound to notice that while all the English-speaking Delhites are enraptured by visions of sacred beasts, the Tamil half of my audience is sitting wide awake and not staring at a white elephant but at a very red-faced hypnotist.

The principle is simple. Hypnotic suggestion is always a verbal procedure and if the subject cannot understand the hypnotist's language then his chances of being manipulated into seeing fantastic visions are nil. How then can we expect a Hindi or Urdu-speaking fakir to hypnotise a mixed group of English and Irish soldiers into seeing phantom ropes rising in the air and all that follows?

It so happens that the soldiers understood no more than a few words of the local lingo and therefore the 'mass hypnosis' hypothesis should be relegated to the place where behavioural scientists store psychiatric fossils. Yet the only reason why the outmoded theory gets resurrected from time to time is due to a lack of knowledge about how the trick is performed in the first place. Almost a century after the *Tribune's* comic attempt to rationalize the Indian rope trick, its secret has remained elusive and tantalizingly obscure.



The main reason why the trick is so obscure is because only a small handful of people at any given time have known how the feat is performed. The secret of the rope trick has been kept in the hands of a few families and passed down from father to son. The rope climbing act is also a highly dangerous feat, even for accomplished acrobats. Very few performers had the necessary skills and the pluck to execute it successfully; and failure usually meant a broken neck. Danger aside, the fakir also runs a high risk of detection since the act demands an uncompromising perfection of staging and execution if one hopes to make a success of it. In the past audiences were far less educated and worldly-wise. Village dwellers and simple rural folk were easy to gull. But with the advent of the jet, mass communications, better education and wider cultural contacts, Indian audiences were no longer easy prey for magicians. Few performers could see any reason to risk their necks by staging an act that was rapidly becoming a relic of a bygone age. By the mid-1930s or '40s the performers had all grown old and apathetic towards a once great, but now obsolete, feat, and the Indian rope trick slipped into extinction with hardly a notice. But how, then, is the trick actually done?

Many Indians have believed that the secret is in the rope in which joints of bone or metal hold it erect, or that the magician operates some sort of hidden device on the ground. Actually, the secret is quite literally in the air. In ancient times when the trick was first devised, long before the advent of the invisible wires used by modern magicians, a long fine and very strong wire or line was carefully woven from black hairs. The magic trick was almost always performed at dusk when the sky was beginning to darken, since the thin hair ropes were not completely invisible and required a cloak of darkness to escape detection. This in itself was not sufficient and it was necessary to perform the trick in a suitable location if the ruse was to go undetected. The trick could never be attempted in the desert or in an open space since the black hair rope would be completely visible. Instead, the rope trick was only undertaken in a valley between two hillocks or knolls. The wire was stretched from the summit of one hill to another on the opposite side, thereby spanning the valley so that the fine cord was concealed by the foliage in the background in the same way that an ordinary telephone wire (which is much thicker) is obscured by the wooded countryside but quite visible when seen against the naked sky. To avert suspicion the fakir would always begin the show at dusk and warm them up with juggling and a few conjuring tricks until the sky grew increasingly dark and he had charmed his way past the audience's resistance.

When it was dark the magician's assistants

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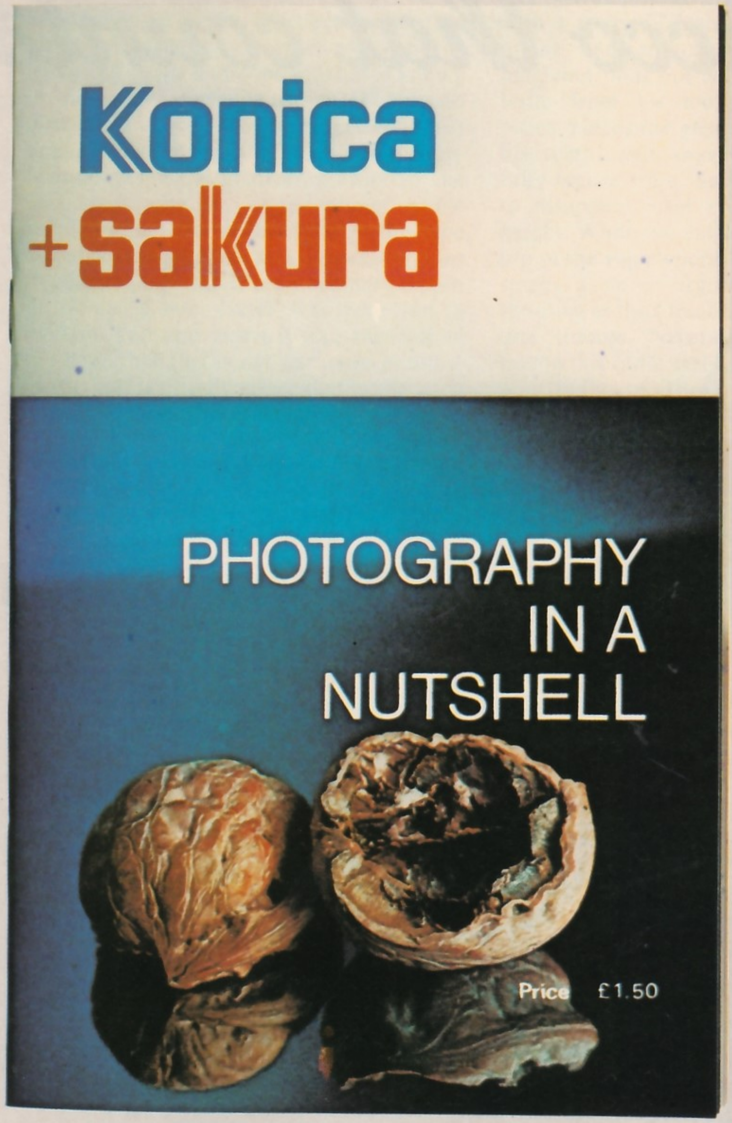
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The Indian Rope Trick

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would place a series of lanterns or torches around the seated performer who is busily jabbering to his audience in what is known in showman's parlance as 'patter', smooth distracting chatter that diverts attention or draws the audience into the conjurer's confidence. As he is chattering away to the spectators who are seated about twelve feet from him, the magician takes the rope out of a wicker basket and throws it up into the air to show that it is an ordinary length of hemp. Some fakirs will take out a wooden ball and insert it into the end of the rope, but this is not common practice as the ball is usually concealed in the rope ahead of time. Pattering away, he throws the rope up into the air several times, which has the desired effect of boring and lulling the audience since they can already see that the rope is an ordinary one. What the seated audience cannot see is that on the final handling the crafty conjurer has slipped a small but very sturdy metal hook in a special hole in the wooden ball. To this hook is attached an extremely fine but tightly woven hair wire which is now quite invisible against the ink-black sky. This hidden wire leads up to and over the main cord which has been previously suspended some fifty to sixty feet in the air. As the audience look up to watch the rope rising magically into the air they are forced to stare into the bright lamps which create a partial night blindness so that the levitating rope appears to reach up some two or three hundred feet into the heavens from their perspective. Of course, what the audience does not know is that the levitating rope is actually being hoisted upward by a hidden confederate.

From where the audience is sitting they cannot see the top of the rope, and when the magician asks a boy to climb to the top they can well understand the lad's reluctance. The child, usually a small boy around the age of six to eight-years-old, puts up a splendid display of fear and primes the audience for what follows. 'No, I won't climb up there,' he protests, 'it's far too dangerous!' Having attracted their sympathy the boy finally agrees to shimmy his way to the top of the rope with all eyes anxiously fixed upon him. The audience, of course, does not suspect that the rope's support is horizontal – it's only human nature to assume that the rope's reinforcement must be vertical – and they are amazed to see the long length of hemp fibre swaying to and fro as the child begins to climb to the top. Suddenly the little fellow seems to disappear. This minor miracle is very simple since the moment the boy has climbed to thirty feet or so he is no longer in range of the torches and seems to vanish in mid-air. When the boy reaches the top he takes another hook or two out of his dark robes and attaches them to a series of holes in the wooden ball at one end and over the main wire on the other.

By now the naïve audience is utterly dumbstruck at the remarkable events they have witnessed. Suddenly the momentum of the show changes when the seated fakir shouts out instructions to the boy who responds with a series of insolent remarks. Staging anger and righteous indignation, the magician pulls out a large wicked-looking knife from his loose and commodious robes, places the gleaming dagger between his teeth, and angrily ascends the now fully-secure rope. Suddenly he too seems to disappear after climbing to a certain height. When the magician has reached the top of the rope where he cannot be seen he stages a bitter argument with the boy, shouting at the top of his voice and uttering dire threats. Naturally, the audience is taking this quite seriously and fears for the poor lad's life. The boy grows even more insolent and a series of blood-curdling screams rend the air in mock agony. One by one the little fellow's members, in reality the shaved limbs of a large freshly-slaughtered monkey wrapped up in cloth to match the boy's clothing, are taken out of the fakir's robes where they have been concealed all the time, sprinkled with a little blood from a glass phial, and dropped to the ground where they fall with a sickening thud. Then comes the ultimate horror. The boy's severed head – a carefully painted wooden model wrapped in a turban – falls to earth.

Enter the magician's assistants who anxiously come running to pick up the pieces of their poor hacked-up comrade, creating quite a fuss, for a moment.

A moment is all that is needed for the youngster to scurry into a specially-built harness inside the fakir's baggy clothing. He places his arms and legs into four sturdy loops and presses his body against the trickster's stomach as the magician climbs down the rope with the boy carefully hidden, and with a gleaming bloodied blade between his teeth. Back on the ground the unblushing charlatan feigns sorrow as he gazes upon the boy's mutilated remains which are laid out like so many pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The magician's assistants cluster around the fakir who is looking at the body and uttering cries of grief. They attempt to console the fakir and arrange the severed parts. This enables the boy to slip out of his master's robes undetected while the confederates pick up the bloody pile of butchered baboon limbs and stash them into the loose folds of their costumes. The lad merely lies down on the ground in place of the gory pile and the fakir's assistants step back so that the audience can marvel at the 'miracle' about to take place. The magician mutters a mystical incantation and gives the lad a swift kick and, lo and behold, the boy miraculously springs to life!

Looking back at the hundred years of controversy, the wildcat theories, the thousand-and-one frauds pulled by the *Tribune* and many others, one cannot help but be reminded of the words of the king of showmen, the wiley P T Barnum, whose famous motto seems to put the Indian rope trick and its weird and often ridiculous history into proper perspective: 'There's a sucker born every minute.'

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MIRANDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Twenty-year-old Miranda Hobbs could never be accused of being tongue-tied, even if her 36–24–35 figure is enough to leave most of us speechless, because she is fluent in French, German and Spanish and has A levels in those languages. 'I went to a comprehensive school in Sunderland and languages were my best subjects, but I had to work at them,' she explained modestly. Miranda left her home town a few months ago to come down to London to visit a boy-friend in Ealing, but decided to stay and find a job for the fun of it. 'I just decided not to go back. I like London now that I've got used to it and think I prefer it.'

The London nightlife appeals to Miranda more than anything, and in particular the discos. 'I go out dancing six nights a week, and the only reason I don't go out on the seventh is that the clubs are closed on Sundays. I really enjoy disco dancing and always stay until closing time in the early hours of the morning.' Her favourite club is Stringfellows near Shaftesbury Avenue. Being light on her feet also comes in handy when Miranda plays one of her favourite sports, ice hockey. 'It sounds very rough, but when girls are playing it isn't so bad, it's fun, and I really enjoy it.'

Miranda has itchy feet as well as dancing feet for she has an ambition to travel around the world. So far she has visited Portugal, Spain and France, and she is hoping to get to Denmark soon to visit a friend she has there. 'I don't know how long I'll stay there, it depends on how much I like the country.' Germany and Sweden are also on her list of countries she would like to visit when she has saved enough.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / MIRANDA HOBBS

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / MIRANDA HOBBS

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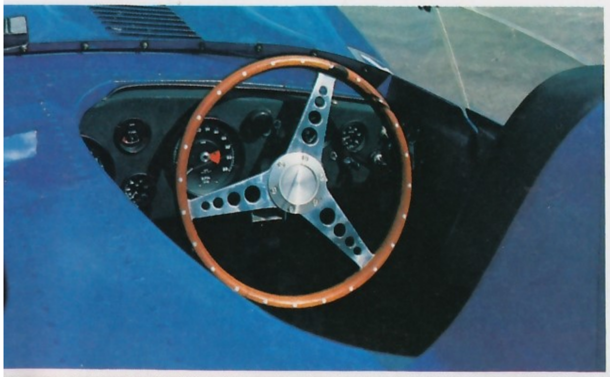
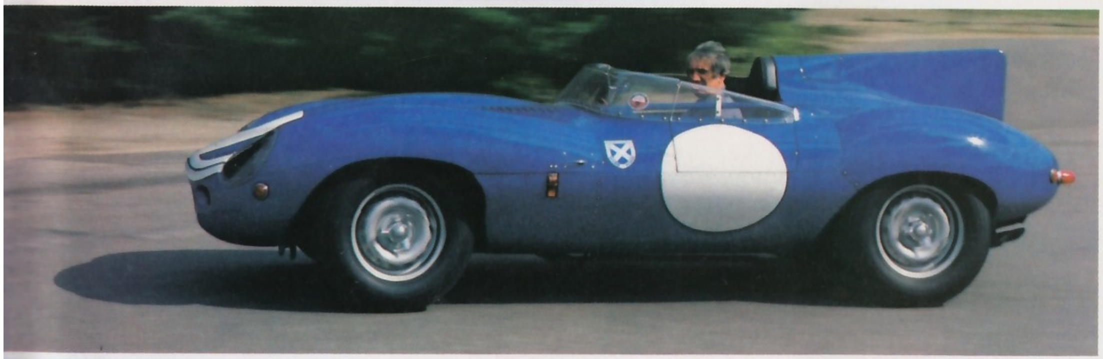
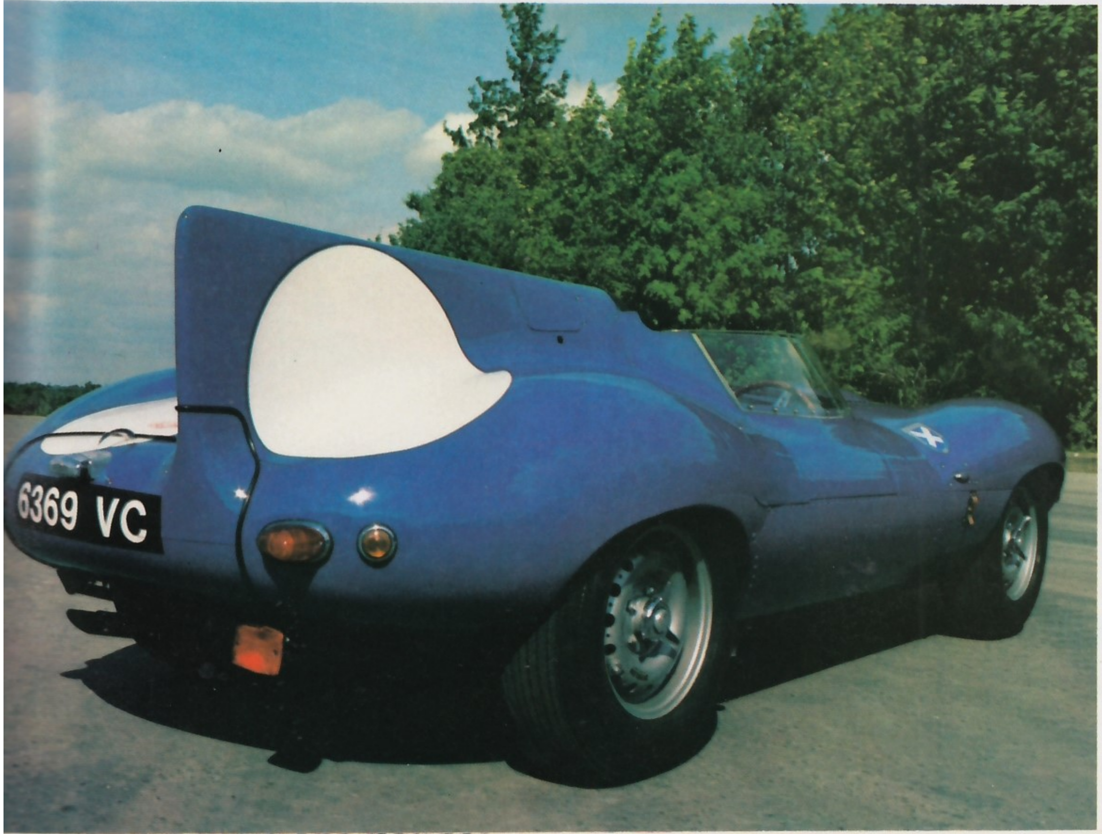
CLASSIC CLONES

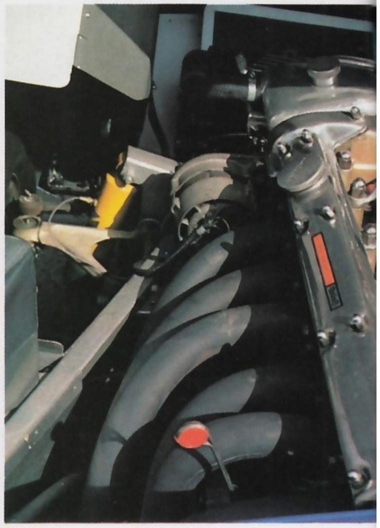
Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

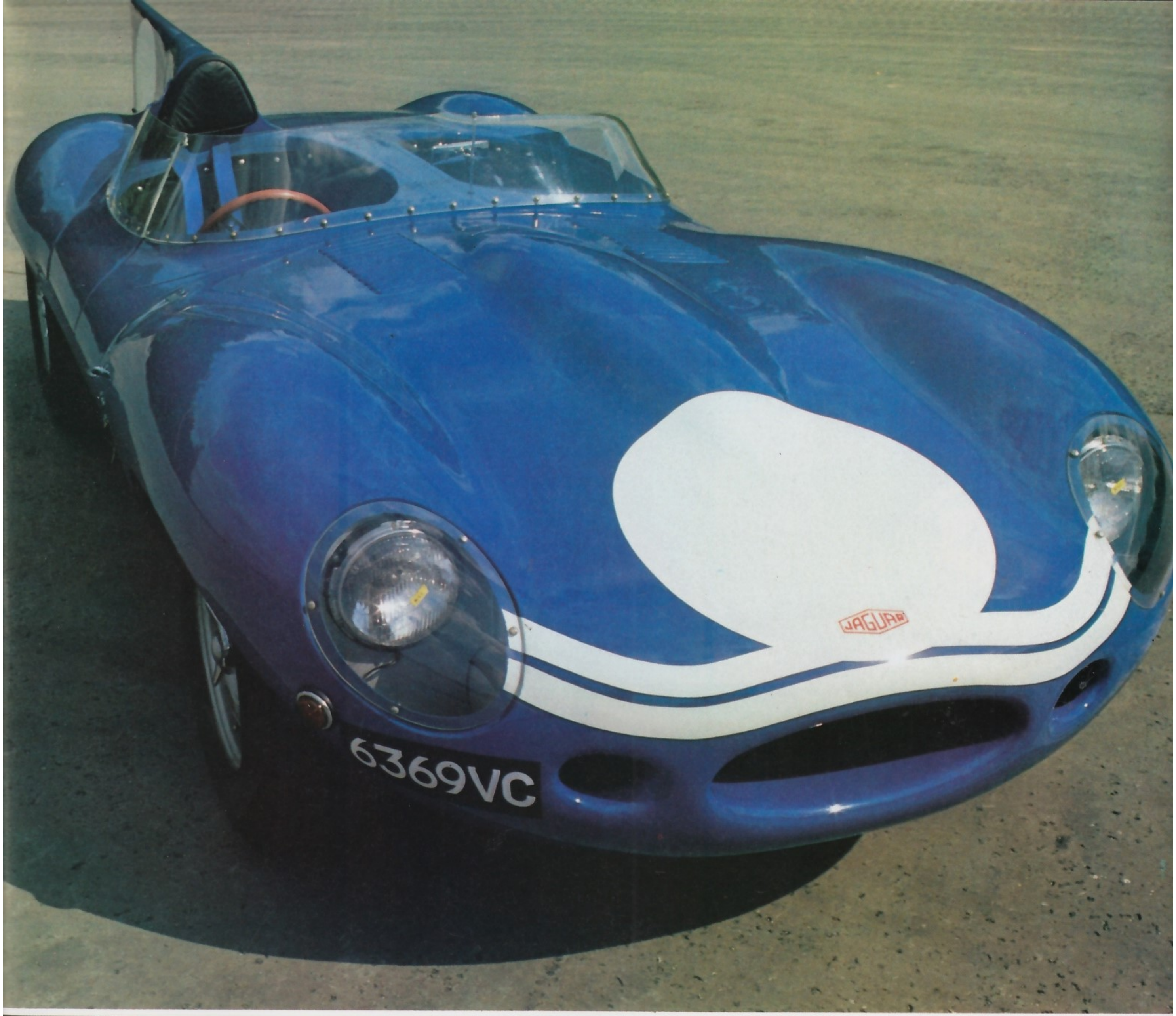


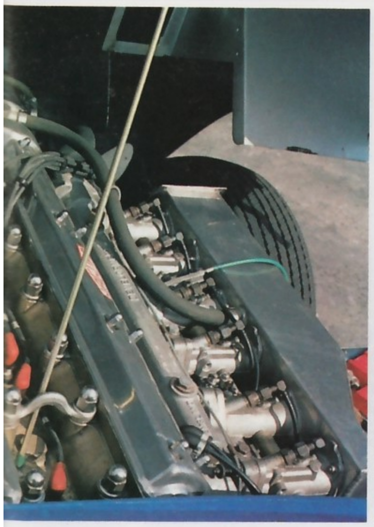
Replicas. Perhaps a better word would be imitations. I have never really liked them. Yet it is surprising how many companies have made them, optimistically in many cases, not very seriously in others, some of which survive as viable businesses. We are thinking in the context of motor cars built around modern components to look deliberately like something from long ago. Why should one object to such harmless and innocent mechanical follies? First, I suppose because dyed-in-the-wool, drip-nosed vintage car folk may see them as taking-the-mickey, compared to the tough,





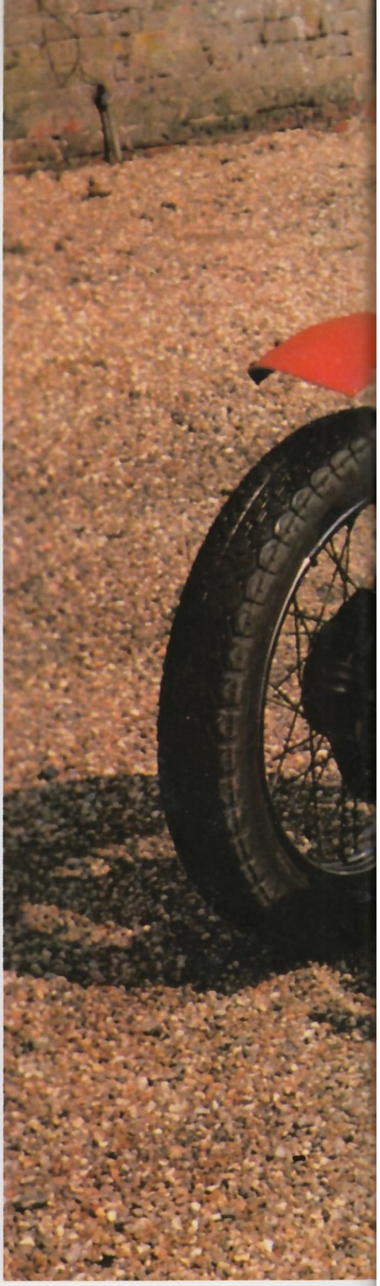


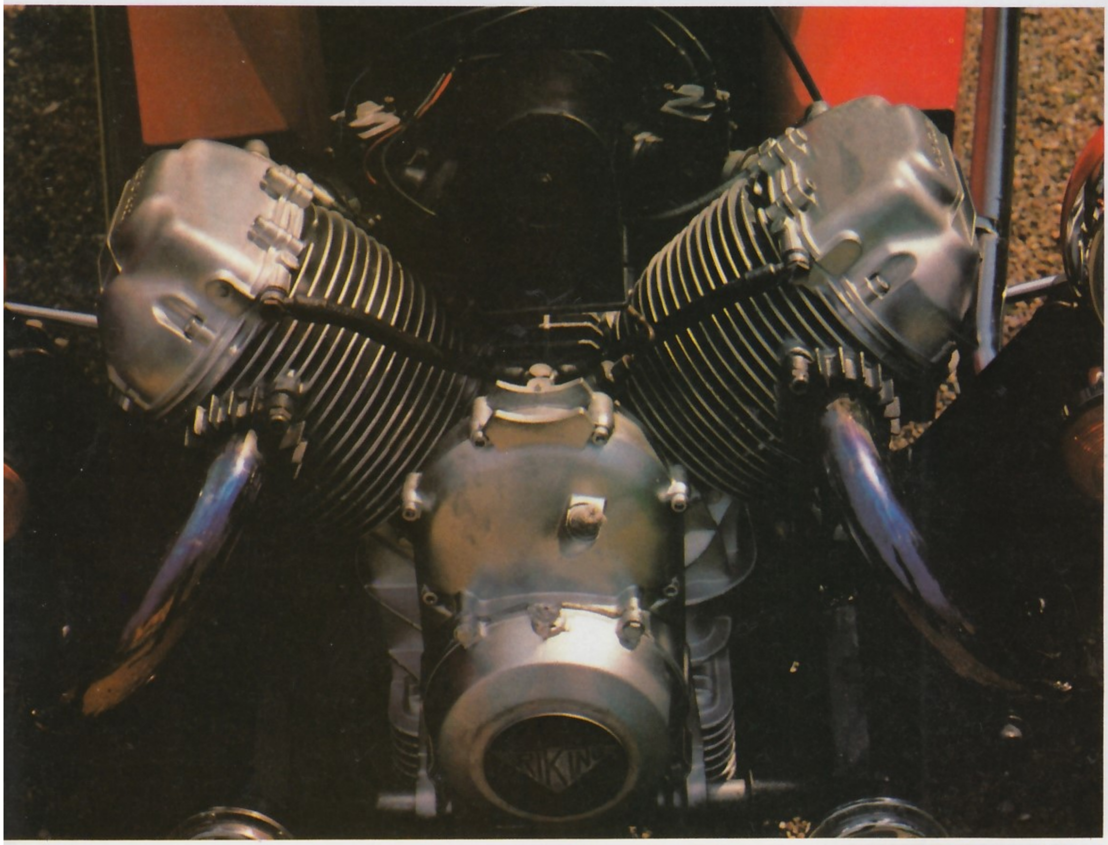


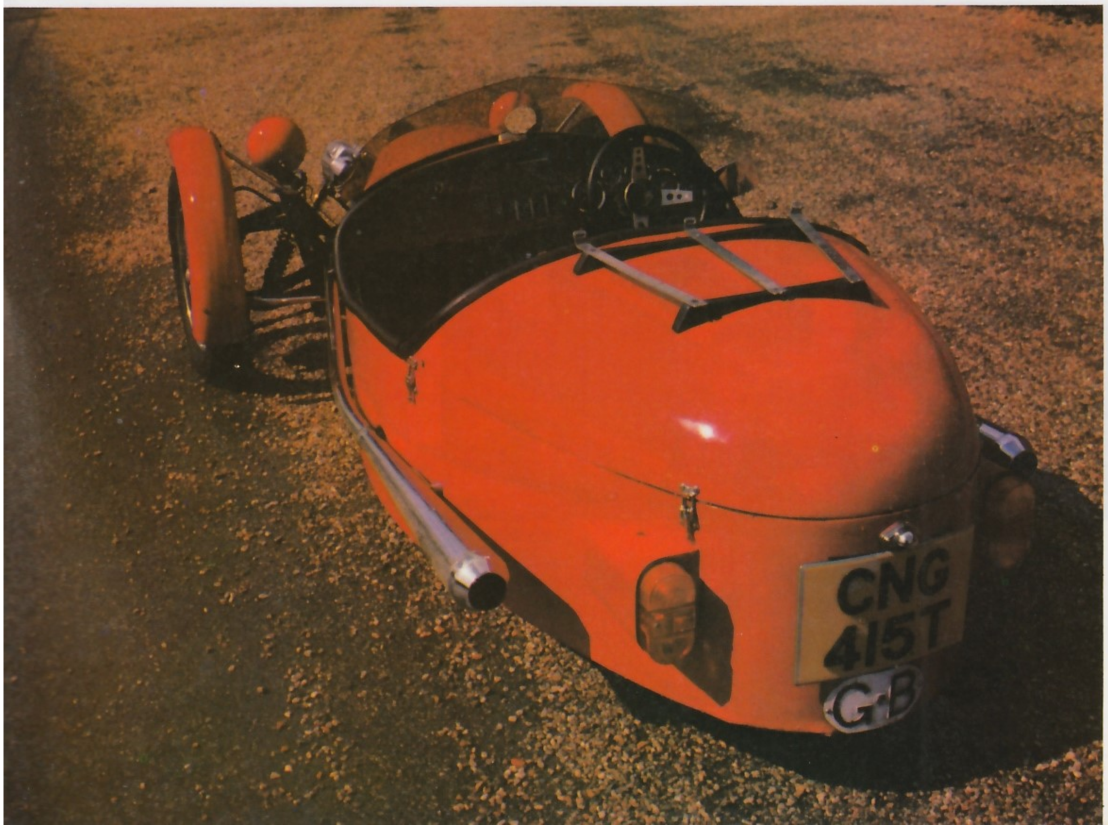


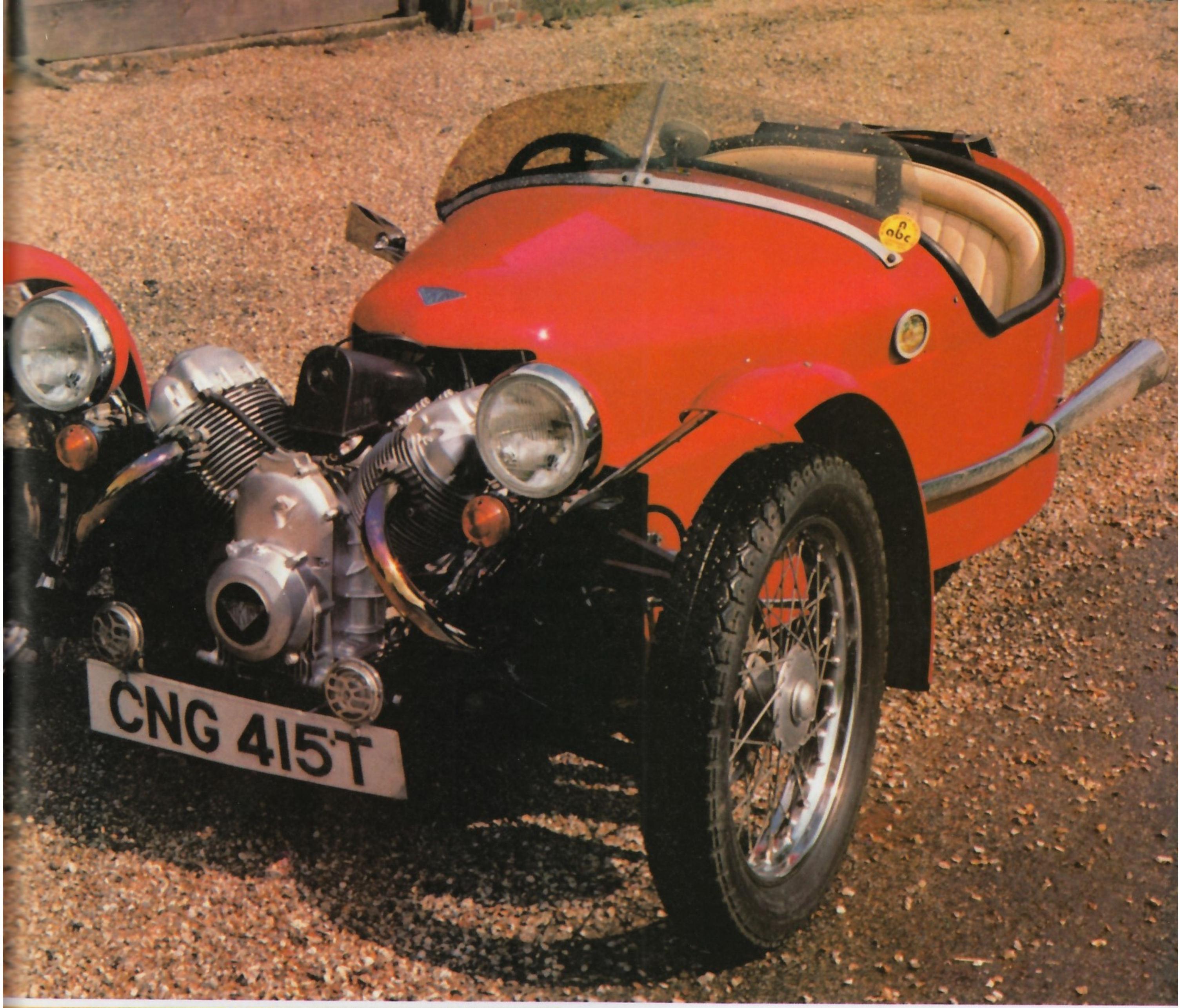
This replica of a 1957 D Type Jaguar is made by Deetype Replicas Ltd. It costs £22,162, but an original version of the Le Mans winning car would cost you much more. The alloy-bodied Deetype has a 3.8 Jaguar engine which should give a top speed of over 130 mph. Although the car is very close to original specification it has slightly smaller wheels.

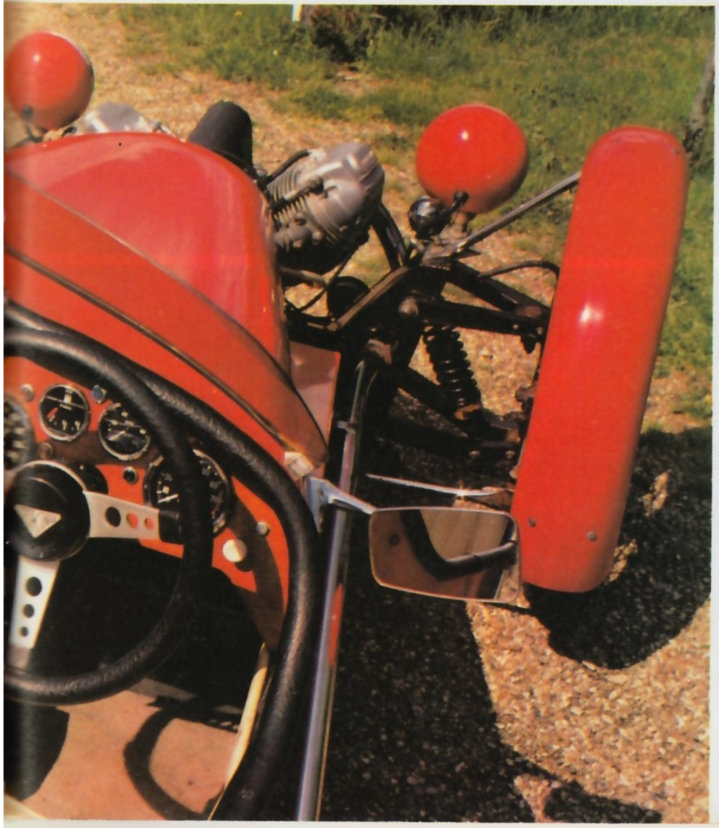
Tony Divey of Norwich had owned eight Morgan three-wheelers and liked the concept but not the mechanics of the older car. So he built the Triking which is not an exact copy of the Morgan, but more a three-wheeler very similar in concept. It uses a modern Moto Guzzi motorcycle engine driving the rear wheel, and should exceed 100 mph! To buy one from Tony would cost at least £5,000.





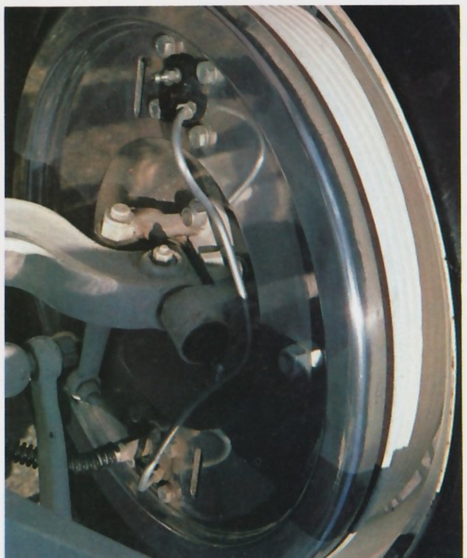


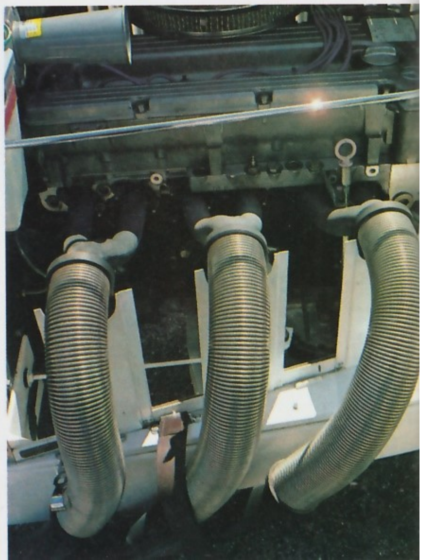


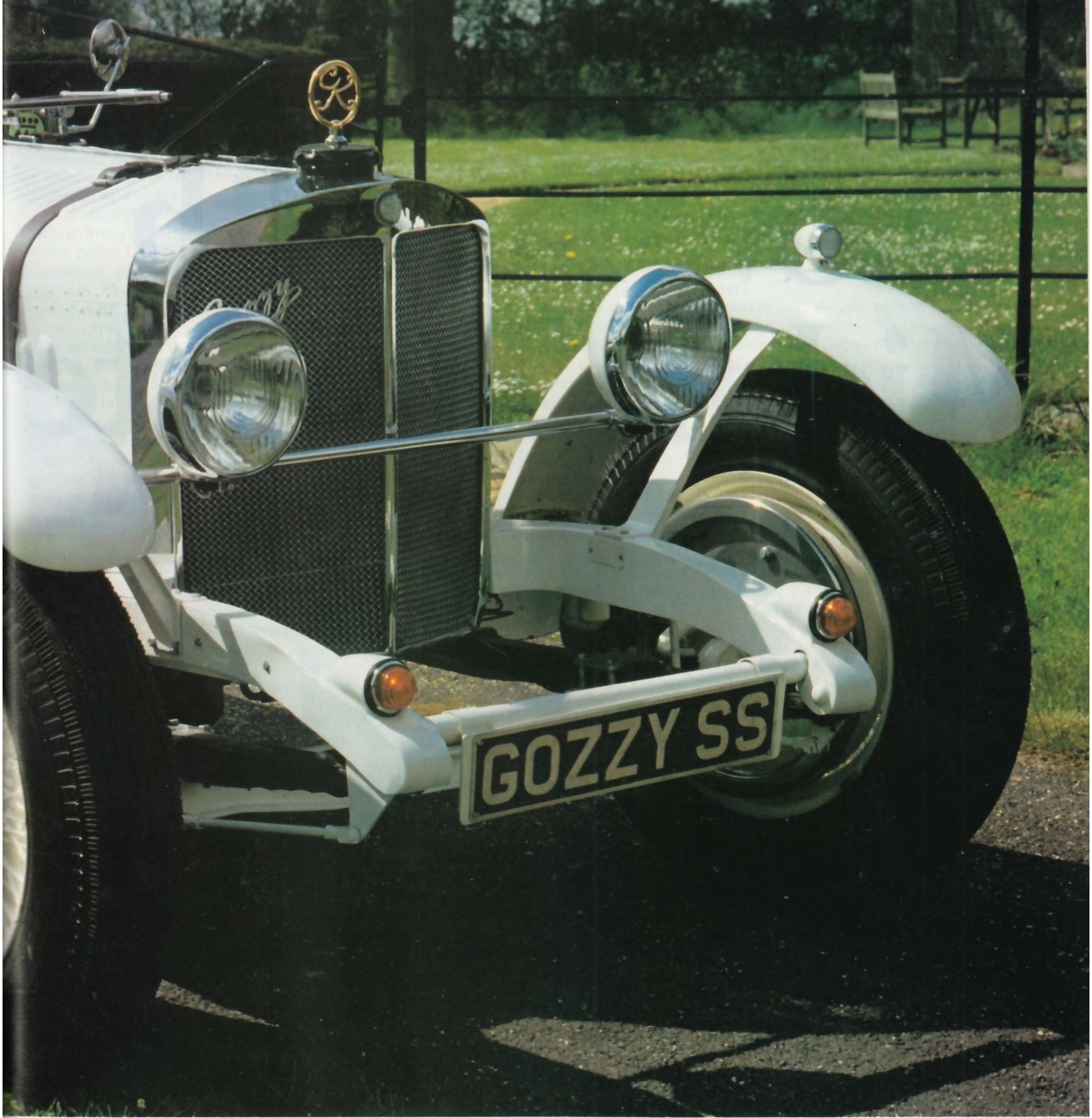


rough world of genuine vintage and older autos. You see, driving a vintage car proficiently, let alone maintaining its ancient machinery, is something of an acquired art. Knowing just how many pumps with the Ki-gass the old engine will respond to, engaging those non-synchromesh cogs without causing terrible graunching noises, letting-in an undressed cone clutch (to smooth out the action you pour linseed oil and petrol into it, or prop it out of male-and-female contact overnight), and generally conducting your aged possession without signs of undue side-slipping, under-steering and the like, is a matter of pride. To witness someone in an imitation which looks something like yours but which purrs away at the touch of a button, has an up-to-date clutch and gearbox, and which is arrested by efficient hydraulic four-wheel-brakes instead of anchoring up with stretched-cable rear drums only, is enough to make any vintagent curl up.

Let us look at a part of the replica scene and see what is to be had. You must decide for yourselves whether or not you like it. I







An immaculate 1929 Mercedes SKL racing car would probably cost well into six figures. So the theory is that £40,000 for this Gozzy SS Replica built by Churchgreen Engineering is not outrageous. The Gozzy is made of aluminium on an ash frame, with walnut dash, leather upholstery and a 2.8 Mercedes SE engine. The original had a 5-litre unit.

suppose the craze began in America, which is where much of the business in imitation autos is to be captured. With the genuine antique articles being so difficult to find and exceedingly expensive when located, you can see how easy it is to get hold of usable recent components and put a fibreglass body representing some great classic over the modern mechanicals.

On no account must you confuse a proper sports car, however out-dated it may look, with a replica. The Morgan from Malvern is deliberately old-fashioned in outline, although certainly not in performance, especially in Rover V8 power guise. The Lotus Seven, now the Caterham Seven, is a proper open air fast small sports car. Quite how you rate the Panther Lima, which was an attempt to offer a crib of the older open two-seaters on a modern 108 bhp Vauxhall Magnum chassis, I am not sure. It wasn't really a copy of any particular old motor and not only did Vauxhall approve of supplying Bob Jankel with components but they wanted to trade it through their dealers. Jankel certainly caused a stir when he showed his Panther De Ville at the 1974 Earls Court Motor Show. It looked, if anything, like a bloated big Bugatti saloon. It used Jaguar components and cost nearly £20,000. Much easier to buy and drive than a real Bugatti Royale.

Jankel really went to town when his Byfleet

turn to page 75

The First

Low Tar with Middle Tar Taste

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
JOHN PLAYER AND SONS NOTTINGHAM
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS
Vanguard
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KING SIZE

Now there's a cigarette that offers you low tar with a taste to match middle tar brands. And in an extensive research survey 70% of middle tar smokers sampled agreed.

NOW'S THE TIME TO SWITCH!

New Vanguard

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The tar yield of this brand is designed to be LOW TAR Manufacturer's estimate, January 1980, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Classic Clones

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factory turned to the De Ville Convertible, hiding V12 Jaguar mechanicals, and exhibited it at the 1976 Motor Show. Perhaps the price, £30,518, was against its survival, or commercial success. Whether or not a replica has to be a copy of an actual historic motor car to succeed is a moot point. I know that sounds like a contradiction of terms. But some of these replicas have had no ambitions beyond being replicas in general of old-time open sports cars. I do not know that the De Ville was actually intended to be any particular Bugatti and there have been plenty of just-sports jobs, such as the Dutton-B, the Jeffrey J4, the Dick Crosthwaite/John Gardiner-designed composite Kougar and the Mini-based Biota. Others have definitely had great cars in mind before getting the bits and pieces together. Dri-Sleeve did a copy of a Type 37 GP Bugatti. Panther Westwinds did an imitation of the Ferrari FF. The beautiful Bentley Donington and Syd Lawrence's Special were intended to have an air of the grand old WO Bentleys about them. The RMB Gentry was meant to convey thoughts of the defunct TF MG Midget and had some parts of this about its bodywork, and an actual ZA/ZB MG Magnette radiator shell, until these became in short supply and new ones had to be cast. In fact, the chassis was that of a Triumph Vitesse. The Panther J72 was unashamedly a crib of SS-Jaguar 100 lines, the original push-rod motor replaced by a twin-cam 3.8-litre Mk 2 Jag, power pack – some might say, and why not indeed? The Spartan from Nottingham was intended to have a touch of the T-series MG about it, although its maker denied that it was a Replica of such.

The trouble is that not all of these ideas quite came off. The Dri-Sleeve (curious name, because any vintage sports-car driver reckons to get a wet right sleeve sooner or later) had a fine Bug. tail but its horseshoe radiator was too deep in the shell to kid anyone, and Ettore Bugatti would have had a fit about the wheels.

Perhaps the best ploy is to regard all these Replicas as Fun Cars. As the Sivas with their Disneyland Edwardian carriage-work (in fibre-glass) and the Siva Raceabout on a VW chassis were intended to be. In this category you had the Christchurch-built Albanys, one of them with a replica body based on that of 1908 Buick.

However, there have also been some very faithful imitation replicas. The Deetype replicas' D-type Jaguar, I think, tops this market. After all, built for serious motor racing, and clothed in that splendid streamlined, tail-finned bodywork, where are you going to pick up a real D-type? So Bryan Wingfield offers you the DEE-type. The beauty of this is that it is mostly all Jaguar, using E-type engine and chassis components, and thus these can be new parts, not something dragged from a wrecker's yard. The first of these lovingly copied favourite classics was of the 1956-type racing D-type Jaguar, shown at the 1975 Speedshow. In 1976 a second replica was completed, with a third being made in 1977, using a 3.8 Jaguar engine. In July that year a 1957-pattern Jaguar D-type Replica was made, with that year's D-type's full-width windscreen. The beauty of the thing is that you can have a normal twin-cam Jag. motor or the full treatment, with triple Webers and D-type camshafts. You can even have a replica Jaguar XJ13 if you are so inclined, and have a five-figure sum to spare.

Another actual-copy replica is the Gozzy pre-war Mercedes tourer. From the accompanying colour photographs you can judge the effectiveness of this. It seems a long time ago since the Excalibur was invented, to ape those vintage super-charged Mercedes-Benz sports-cars; for me it didn't quite convey the magic of the 36/220 hp four-seater in which, as a callow youth, I had my first experience of near-100 mph on the road.

Another form of replica is the Triking three-wheeler. But only in so far as it follows the specification of the old Morgan three-wheelers, with the engine exposed in front and a single back wheel taking the drive. Triking are not, however, making copy-Morgans, more a very sporting new trike in its own right. The prototype, with Moto-Guzzi flat-twin engine and shaft-drive, is an exciting proposition by any standards and has already taken a couple of Motor Cycling Club classic long-distance trials more or less in its sporting stride and slide.

JIGSAW GIRL

When Lynda appeared in *Mayfair* wearing her wet, white smock she was an instant hit with readers. So now we've turned the wet-look Lynda into a puzzle of a jigsaw

Lynda – one of the most popular girls to appear in *Mayfair* – is now immortalised on a wooden jigsaw puzzle. It measures 11½ in by 8½ in, and costs only £3.15, including postage and plain packing. This superb picture of Lynda wearing nothing but a dripping wet, white smock is mounted on a wooden backing and then hand cut into a jigsaw puzzle. This is then contained on a stiff hardboard backing for despatch. So treat yourself to a pretty puzzler by completing the coupon today, or treat a friend because Lynda makes a perfect present.

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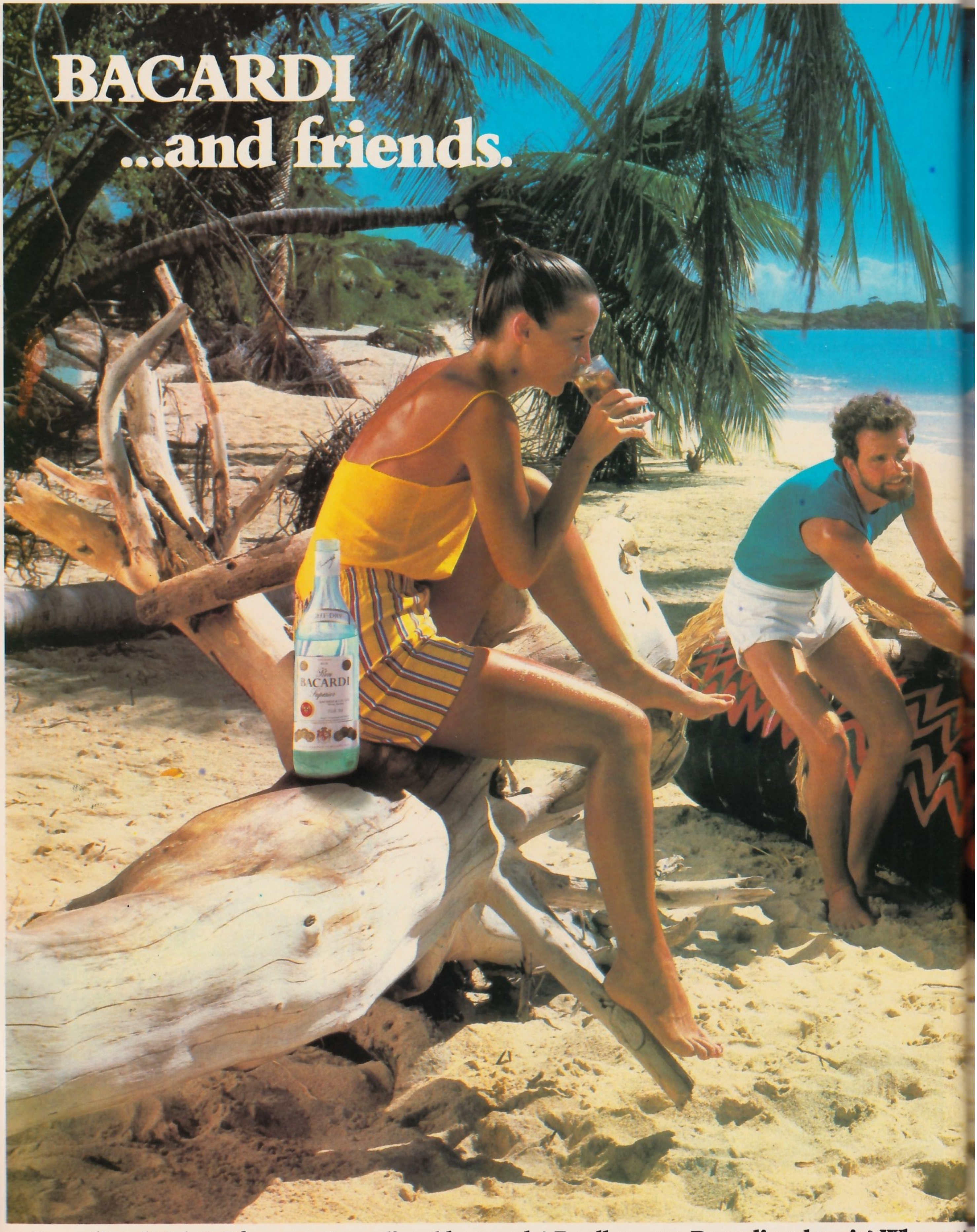
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BACARDI

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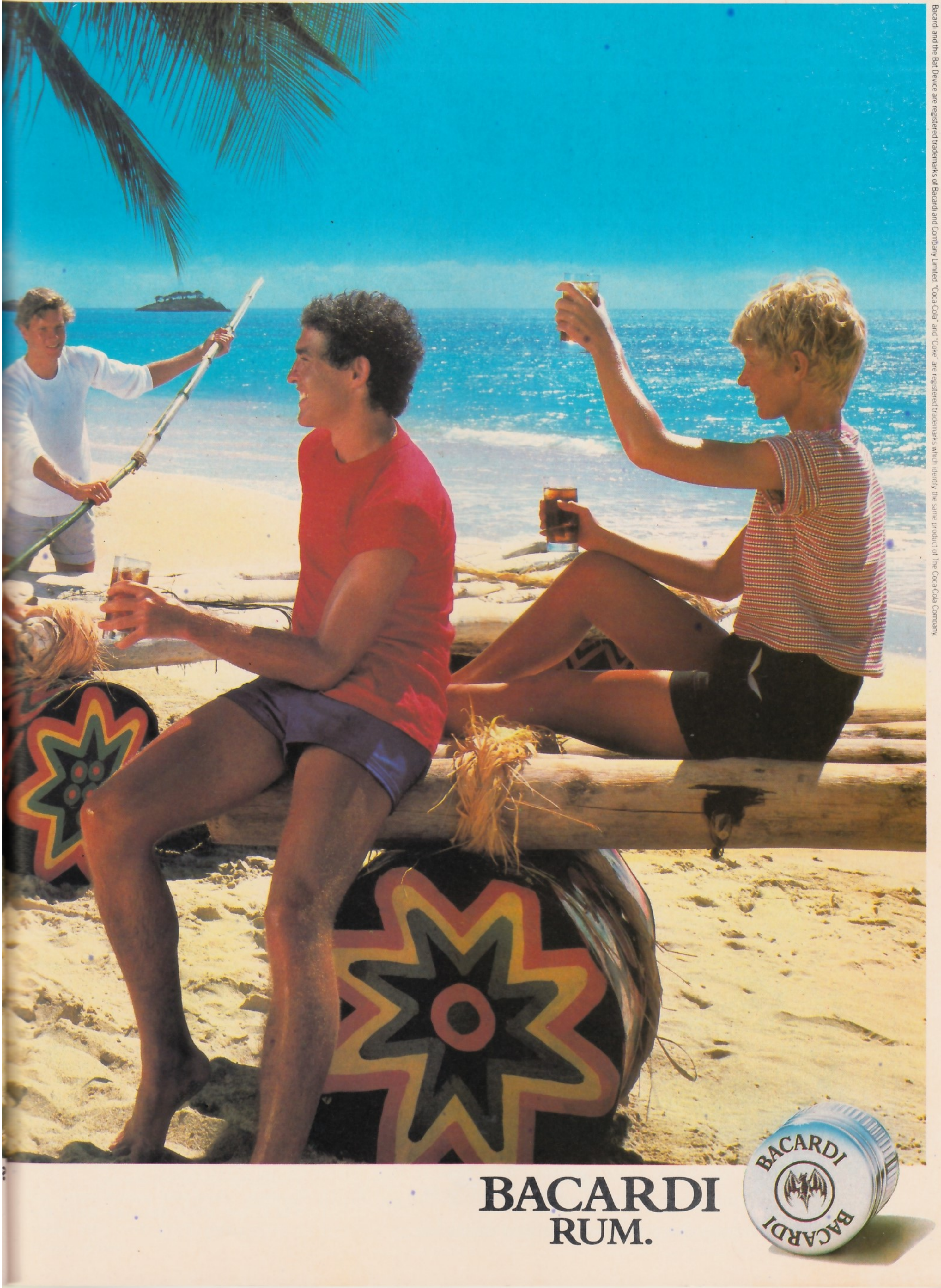

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RUM.

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Sweeney Todd

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explores the vaults of St Dunstan's, though without revealing his discoveries. With the aid of Johanna – now Todd's new assistant – the magistrate goes to the barber's shop, pretends great wealth but leaps out of the chair the moment Sweeney has made his usual excuse to duck into the back. The mechanism of the revolving chair is at once revealed, and Sweeney returns to be struck with horror as he finds his customer apparently unharmed. Declaring his guilt, he is seized by officers who have previously concealed themselves about the shop – thanks to Johanna.

But the climax comes at Mrs Lovett's. Todd has already decided to leave the country with his spoils, disposing of Mrs Lovett en route by means of a slow-acting poison in her brandy. At the same time Jarvis Williams, still in the cellar, has stumbled on the truth behind her pies. He resolves to escape by climbing into the dumb waiter which carries the pies to the shop above – 'crouched down in an exceedingly flat state' – and appears among the astonished diners seconds before the police arrive. 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he declares, 'I fear that what I am going to say will spoil your appetites, but the truth is beautiful at all times, and I have to state that Mrs Lovett's pies are *human flesh!*'

Mrs Lovett instantly succumbs to her poisoned brandy, Jarvis reveals himself as none other than Mark Ingestrie, having apparently survived his reported demise in far off lands and Sweeney Todd is carried off to Newgate and the gallows.

The serial was an overnight success, as indeed it had to be to survive in the 'blood' market. Three weeks before it had run its course in the *Periodical* a stage version was appearing at the Britannia Theatre in Hoxton, which specialised in 'tighteners' or particularly horrific melodramas. The text is attributed to George Dibdin Pitt but Prest had a working agreement with the Britannia, and Pitt is known to have had 26 of his plays produced in 1847 alone – a prodigious feat even for those days – so a collaboration is not unlikely.

In 1850 Edward Lloyd astutely re-issued the story as a complete 'penny dreadful', now more accurately entitled 'The String of Pearls,' Or 'The Barber of Fleet Street,' and with more explicit illustrations.

The goriest version of all appeared in 1878, long after Lloyd had become a respectable newspaper owner and acutely embarrassed by his 'bloody' past. London publisher Charles Fox had the Prest original re-written. Under the unequivocal title, 'Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street,' the story was extended to 48 episodes and spiced with sex as well as horror, both graphically illustrated.

Sweeney, now as lecherous as he was lethal, had become positively gorilla-like in appearance – squat, bow-legged and evil-faced – but made up for this in deviousness, escaping from Newgate and only being recaptured after the boat in which he was fleeing to France was shipwrecked on the Sussex coast.

But the Fox version was successful largely because of Sweeney's huge and continuing success on the stage. Unhampered by copyright laws, he had grown into the most popular villain of Victorian melodrama. Dibdin Pitt's original was constantly revived; Frederick Hazelton wrote a new version in 1862, but Sweeney was apt to turn up here, there and everywhere – anywhere, in fact, where a production showed signs of flagging and was in need of a bogey-man guaranteed to provoke delighted boos from the audience.

The decline of melodrama at the turn of the century put Sweeney's stage career into temporary eclipse, but it soon revived in the new medium of the cinema. Two silent film versions in the twenties led to Ambassador Films' 1936 sound movie, which was an international success and made a star of its leading player, the aptly named Tod Slaughter. Slaughter became the definitive Sweeney and made a long and successful career staging *The Demon Barber* and other revivals of the favourite Victorian melodramas. Today the play – in at least three different versions – is in constant demand by amateur repertory companies, and a new musical version seems set to give the 'fiendish Figaro' fresh international fame.

Yet ever since Thomas Peckett Prest's 'romance' first appeared there has been speculation about its basis in truth.

Did Sweeney Todd ever exist?

The management of the Britannia who staged Dibdin Pitt's original were in no doubt. 'FOUNDED ON FACT' bawled the playbills outside the theatre. After the stirring but woolly style of modern cinema advertising, this could mean almost anything. (It's salutary to note that two recent examples of screen horror, *The Texas Chain-saw Massacre* and *Psycho* were both founded on the same facts of an actual mass murder, though the average cinemagoer might be forgiven for missing the resemblance.) Writers like Pitt and Prest, whose output often touched tens of thousands of words a week, were in no position to check sources, even if they'd wanted to. But both they and the Britannia management were very well aware of the extra touch of horror that a word like 'fact' or 'truth' could add to an otherwise incredible story – not that this has deterred subsequent investigators, scholars and journalists. A London *Evening News* story in 1947 reported that signboards bearing Sweeney Todd's name had been unearthed during excavations in Fleet Street. There were also indications of trapdoors and a manhole which led to a sewer. However, a glance through a pre-war London street directory proved that the barber who had previously occupied the premises had adopted the name as a publicity gimmick.

The most exhaustive investigation of the legend is Peter Haining's *Sweeney Todd*, published in 1979. After tracing the story to a French version appearing in a monthly magazine called *The Tell Tale* in 1825 – which Thomas Peckett Prest could easily have seen – and thence to an old French ballad at least 600 years before that, he concludes that the odds are in favour of Sweeney, or someone very like him, having really existed. Most readers are likely to be in two minds about this, but Haining's book does succeed brilliantly in suggesting how Prest – and his followers – could have created the legend.

The French story in *The Tell Tale* contains two strong elements of Prest's serial: the rich stranger visiting the capital has his throat cut by a barber who makes a habit of murder; and the crime is discovered by the victim's dog who leads his friends to the shop. There is also a reference to a pastry-cook who helps to dispose of the bodies in his pasties, though little is made of this. *The Tell Tale* was short-lived but Prest and his fellow 'blood' writers were dedicated plagiarists, scouring the publications of the time for the slightest titbit that could be re-written in a new way.

However, there was another story, still well-known when Sweeney Todd first appeared, that Prest must have heard.

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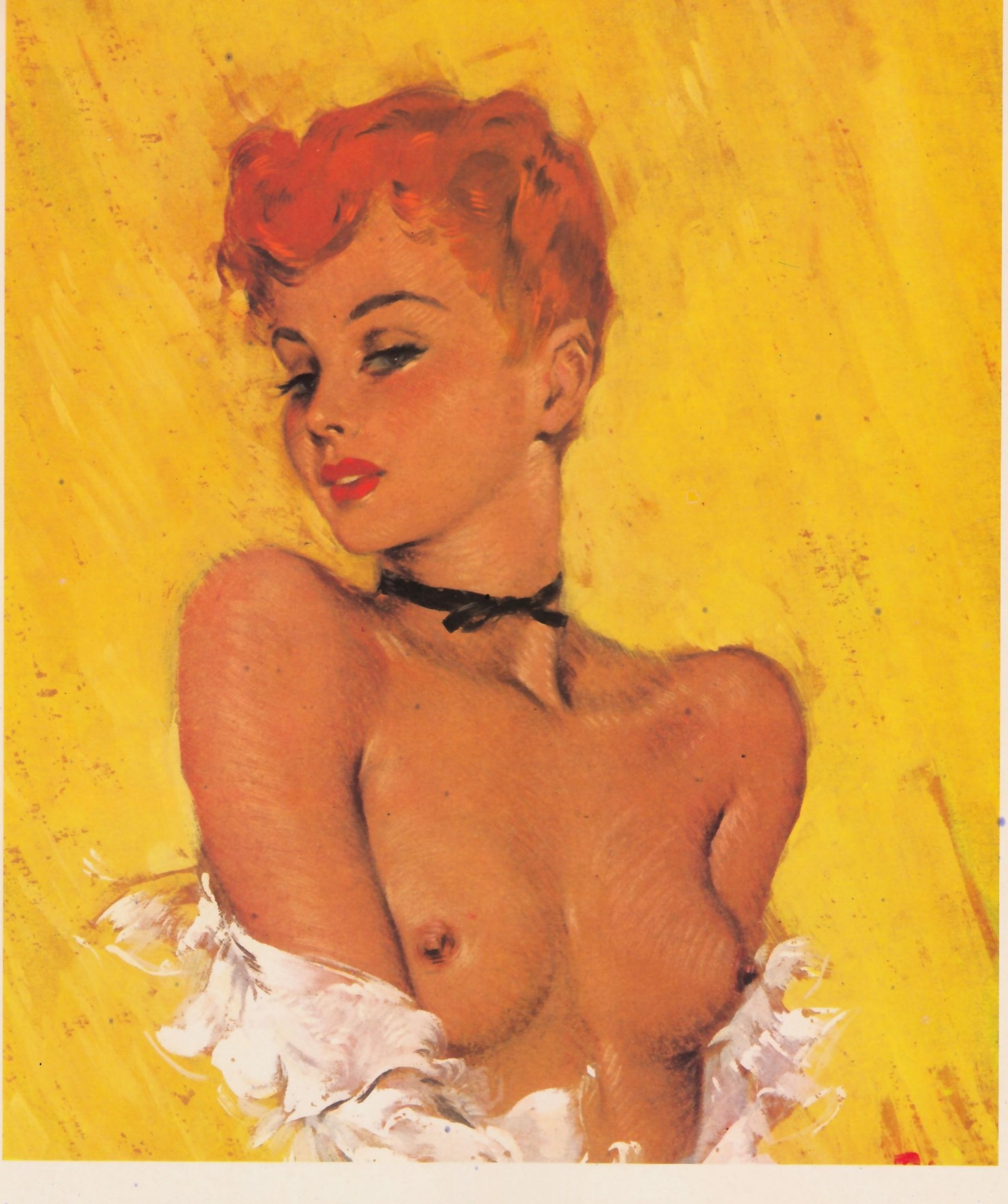
WILLY WHOPPER
WILLY WHOPPER ICE CREAM
W
MIND THAT CHILD
Bill Stott

'There's not much about, Lofty. It was either this or the milk float.'

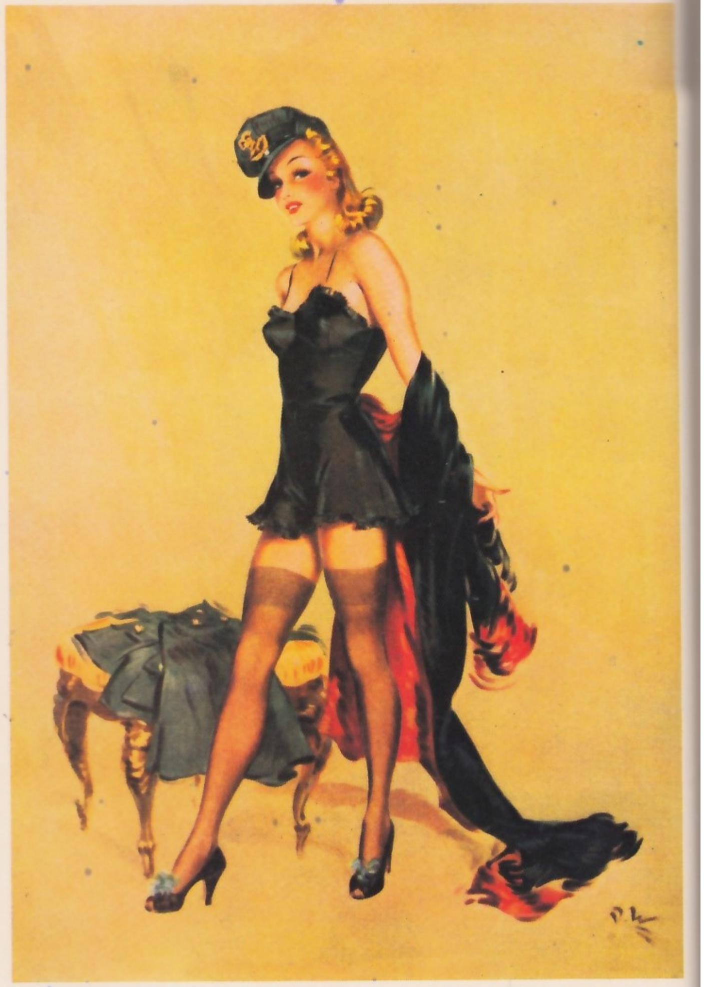


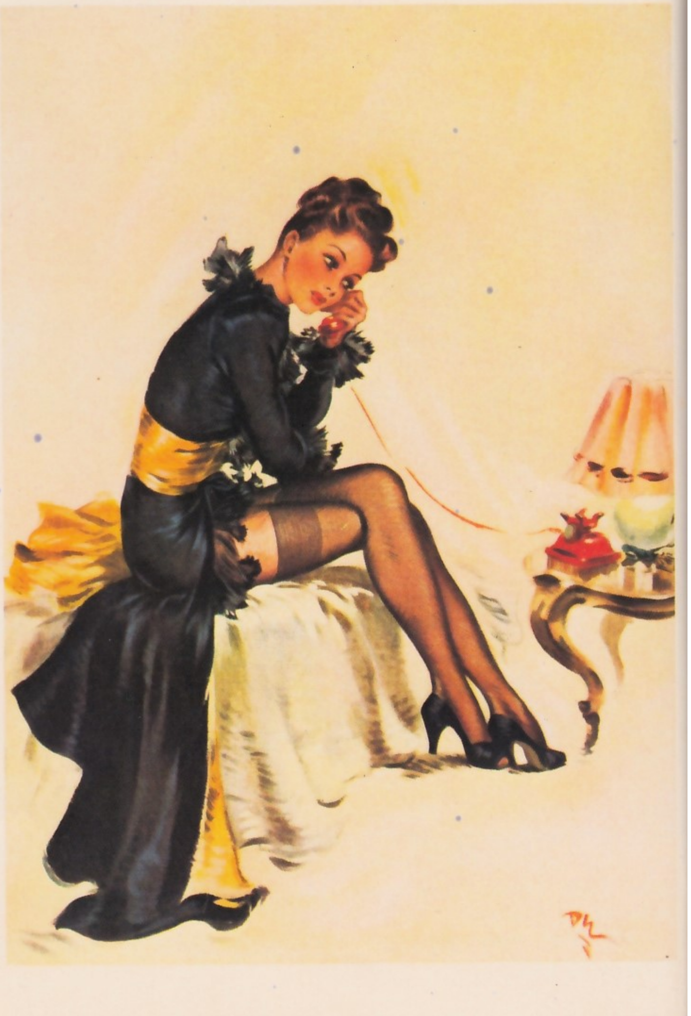
Barrack Room Beauties

The Erotic Art of David Wright

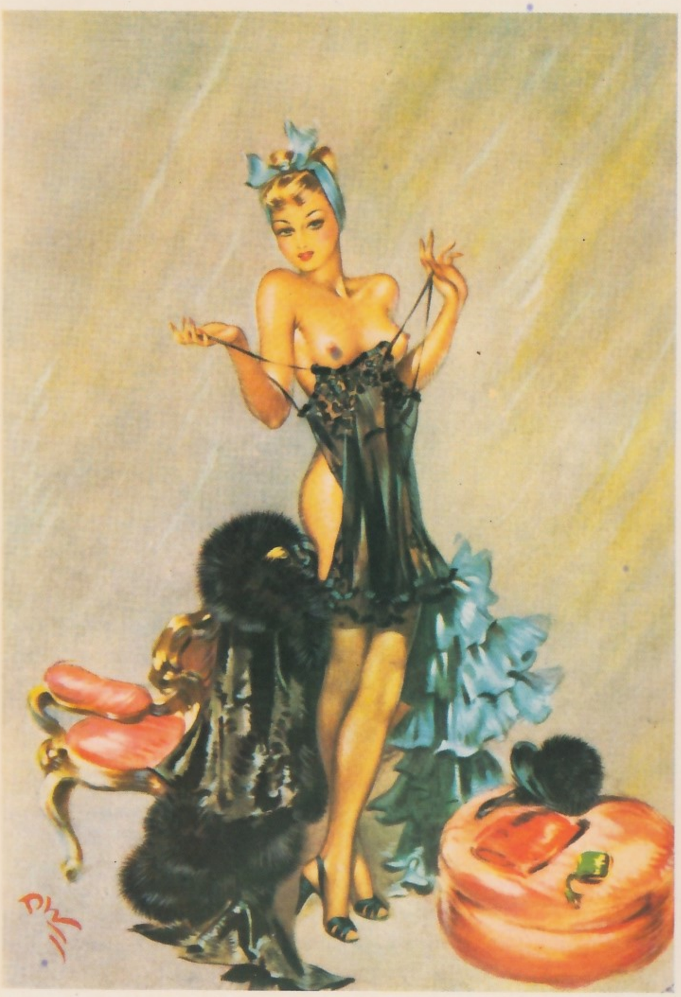
Back in the days of gas masks, the Black Out and the Blitz,
these risqué illustrations helped to brighten up many a
serviceman's quarters and boost morale in the national crisis

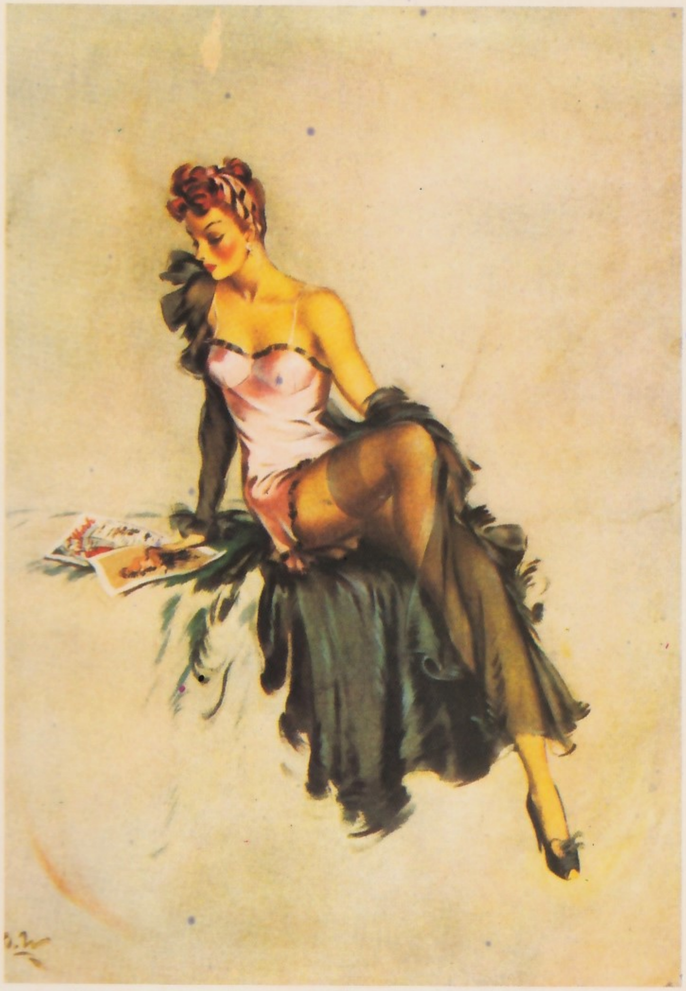
If you walked into any officers' mess during the dark days of World War Two you would probably have found one of David Wright's glamour pin-up illustrations, torn from a weekly news magazine called *The Sketch*. David, who tragically died from a brain haemorrhage at the age of 55 in 1967, was an outstanding erotic artist of his day. At the time his illustrations were considered quite risqué, though in the nicest possible way, as the girls were often topless or even totally nude. His wife was often the model for the illustrations, but David did not always use her face for his girls. *The Sketch*, which was in no way connected with the daily newspaper of similar name, gave him a free hand to draw what he liked and it is clear from his work that David has a preference for willowy, long-legged, pert-breasted women, often in stockings. Very rarely did he draw a girl with a full, rounded bottom. The illustrations were water colours, and today his originals could fetch over £200, though many of them have now disappeared without trace. While he was making his weekly contributions to *The Sketch*, David was also serving in the army as a driving instructor, where officers would often ask him to do an illustration of their girlfriends. An original portrait of his wife was used as a morale-boosting mascot by soldiers at the battle of Anzio, and it survived to be returned, splattered with mud and signed by the survivors. After the demise of *The Sketch*, David created Carol Day, a cartoon strip in the *Daily Mail*. This was not risqué because the Second Viscount Rothermere, chairman of the company, did not approve. David drew this strip for ten years. He also provided glamour illustrations for Schweppes drinks, which appeared in pubs throughout the country, and Bear Brand and Kayser stockings. Many generations of his family before him had been artists, and two of his sons have followed in his footsteps. David's family and friends recall him as being a very kind man, and this even extended to his hobby of collecting and illustrating moths. He had a moth trap in the garden of his Aldershot home and any common moths would be kept until nightfall before being released, to prevent them being caught by birds. Once he even discovered a new species of moth which was named after him. But David Wright will always be remembered for his erotic illustrations which are steeped in nostalgia for a whole generation of people.

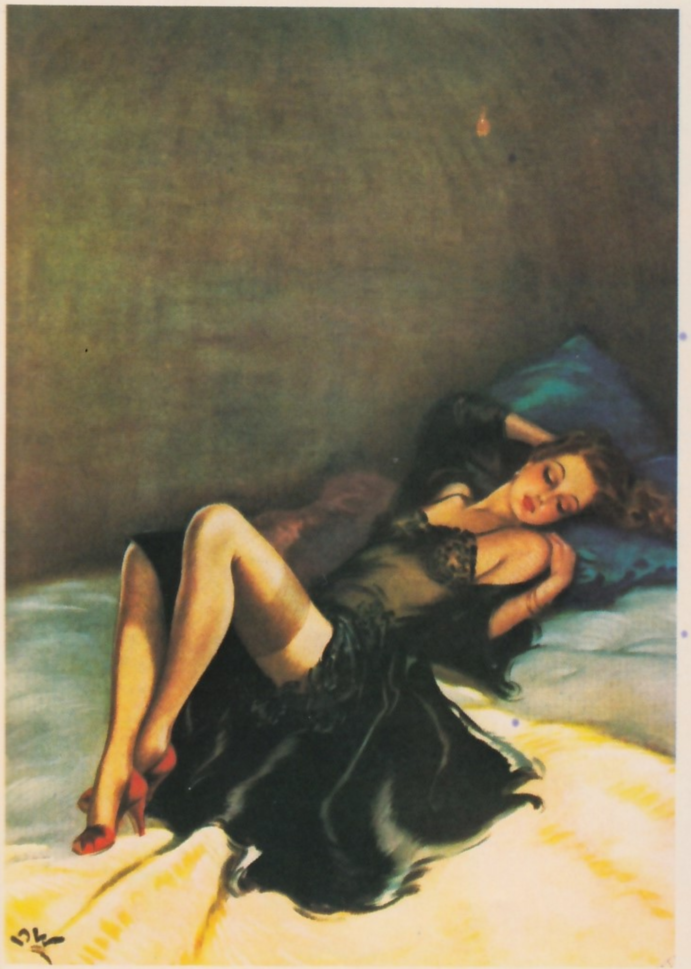


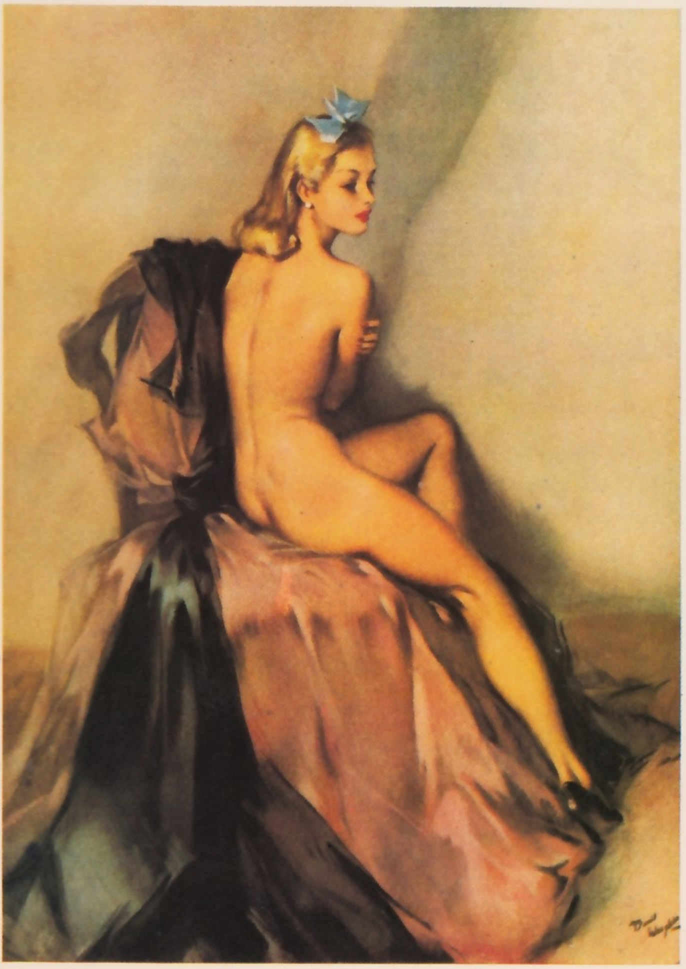


Previous page: this characteristic redhead appeared in The Sketch *in 1945. This page and opposite (in a circle from top left): a 1941 illustration of a leggy blonde donning a WRAF uniform; bare boobs were in evidence in this 1942 picture; another of David's leggy women in stockings; one of his few nudes appeared in 1946; Black Out Blues appeared in 1942, and the woman is obviously annoyed at the disruption of her social life; the permed short hair of the redhead talking on the phone was in vogue in 1942 when the illustration appeared. These all appeared in* The Sketch, *a weekly news magazine, now defunct.*









Sweeney Todd

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In 1818 James 'Old Jemmy' Catnach, a publisher and ballad-monger, published a story claiming that an unnamed pork butcher in Drury Lane in London had been putting human meat in his sausages. Catnach, apart from inventing most of the devices and gimmicks that are common to modern journalism, was no great respecter of truth: his speciality was the last words of executed criminals – they were in no position to object to his fictions. But this story went too far. Horrified customers rioted outside Thomas Pizzey's pork butcher shop just off Drury Lane; Pizzey protested to the authorities and James Catnach got six months for malicious libel.

The event gave rise to a ballad – which Catnach did not publish – but which was still repeated 30 years later when Prest began 'The String of Pearls'.

But why the name, Sweeney Todd? Peter Haining has ingenious suggestions for both Christian and surnames. Sweeney, he believes, is derived from *Sawney* Bean, the head of a notorious clan of Scottish bandits and cannibals, who roamed the Galloway area in the seventeenth century, robbing, killing and eating over 1,000 people in the space of 25 years. Bean's story was told in *The Magazine of Curiosity and Wonder*, a weekly 'blood' which appeared between 1835 and 1836. Its editor was Thomas Peckett Prest.

Haining's explanation for the name Todd is one of the most ingenious parts of his book. Research in the *London Directory* – a detailed catalogue of the capital's shopkeepers and merchants dating back to 1677 – gave no indication of a barber called Sweeney Todd in the Fleet Street area between 1760 and 1850, or indeed of a Lovett's pie-shop. There was, however, a Samuel Todd, a pearl stringer, who lived just off Fleet Street in the 1830s. Since Prest knew the area well, couldn't the shop and the name of its proprietor have inspired both the pearls of his new serial and the name of its villain?

Then there is the question of Sweeney's address. Most later versions of his tale give it as No. 186 Fleet Street (now, incidentally, an eminently respectable supplier of office equipment). Prest, in fact, never gave a number, merely describing the shop as 'close to this sacred edifice (St Dunstan's).'

Peter Haining suggests that the number dates back to the 1880s when some very old buildings in Fleet Street were demolished, among them No. 186 where a large pit of human bones was uncovered beneath the cellars. Though many people believed this was Sweeney's abattoir, the police soon discovered that the cellars had in fact been built over a neglected part of the vaults of St Dunstan's next door. The church had been re-built in the 1830s, its alignment changed from east-to-west to north-south, with the resulting loss of portions of its most extended vaults. But for stage managers and writers of Sweeney Todd tales the story must have seemed a godsend. Prest was specific about one figure – the year 1785. In fact, he sets his tale quite securely in time – 'before Fleet Street had reached its present importance, and when George III was young, and the two figures who used to strike the chimes at old St Dunstan's church were in their glory.'

It could simply be a literary device; 1785, apart from seeing the foundation of *The Times*, was an unremarkable year in London. Peter Haining believes differently. Reading *The Annual Register* – Britain's yearly chronicle of events – for 1784 and 1785, he found two news items referring to murderous attacks by barbers, one outside St Dunstan's in Fleet Street.

Whether Thomas Peckett Prest ever read the items, or, having read them, remembered them consciously or unconsciously when he came to write 'The String of Pearls' will never be known. It seems highly unlikely, however, that an actual 'demon barber' of Sweeney's notoriety and success, could have escaped the attention of both the authorities and the historians.

What is certain is that the most hard-pressed hack in the most scurrilous and ephemeral of literary forms can – through no fault of his own – strike gold.

Whatever merits the Victorian 'penny dreadful' may or may not have had, it produced at least one creation of real genius: Sweeney Todd, 'Old Cut 'em Up', the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, whose story is likely to be remembered for as long as men pay money to sit in a barber's chair.

Come on, I'm waiting

Mayfair's new colour calendar

When Celia Reed appeared as centre girl in our Christmas issue two years ago she told us she always looks on the sunny side of life. If you send for our latest full-colour *Mayfair* calendar for 1981 you too will be looking on the bright side for Celia is just one of the twelve delightful dollies featured. With girls like these, it is no wonder ours is Britain's top-selling glamour calendar, and it will be sent to you for only £1.70 including first class postage and plain, flat wrapping. So clip out the coupon and send it today while stocks last.

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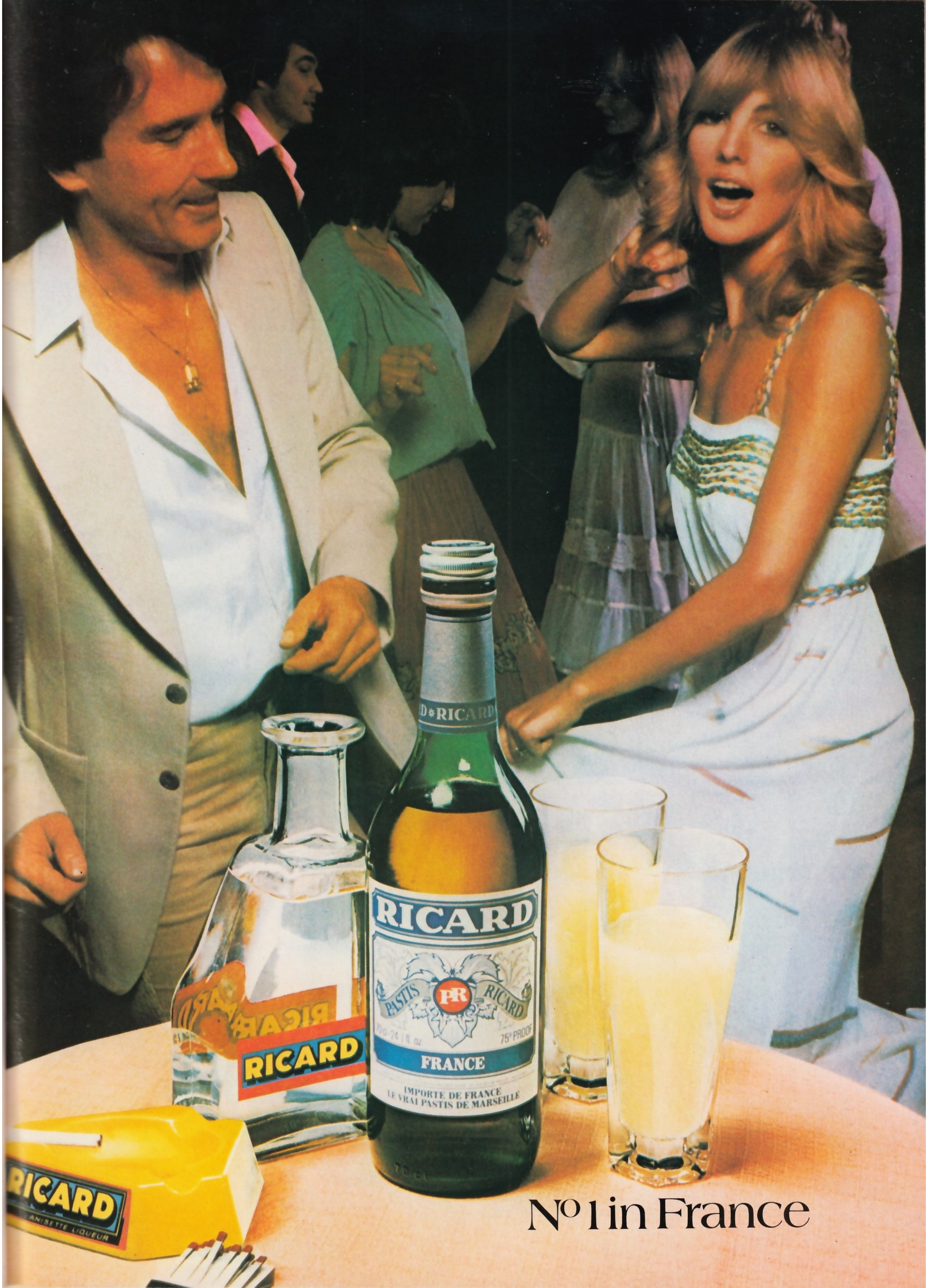
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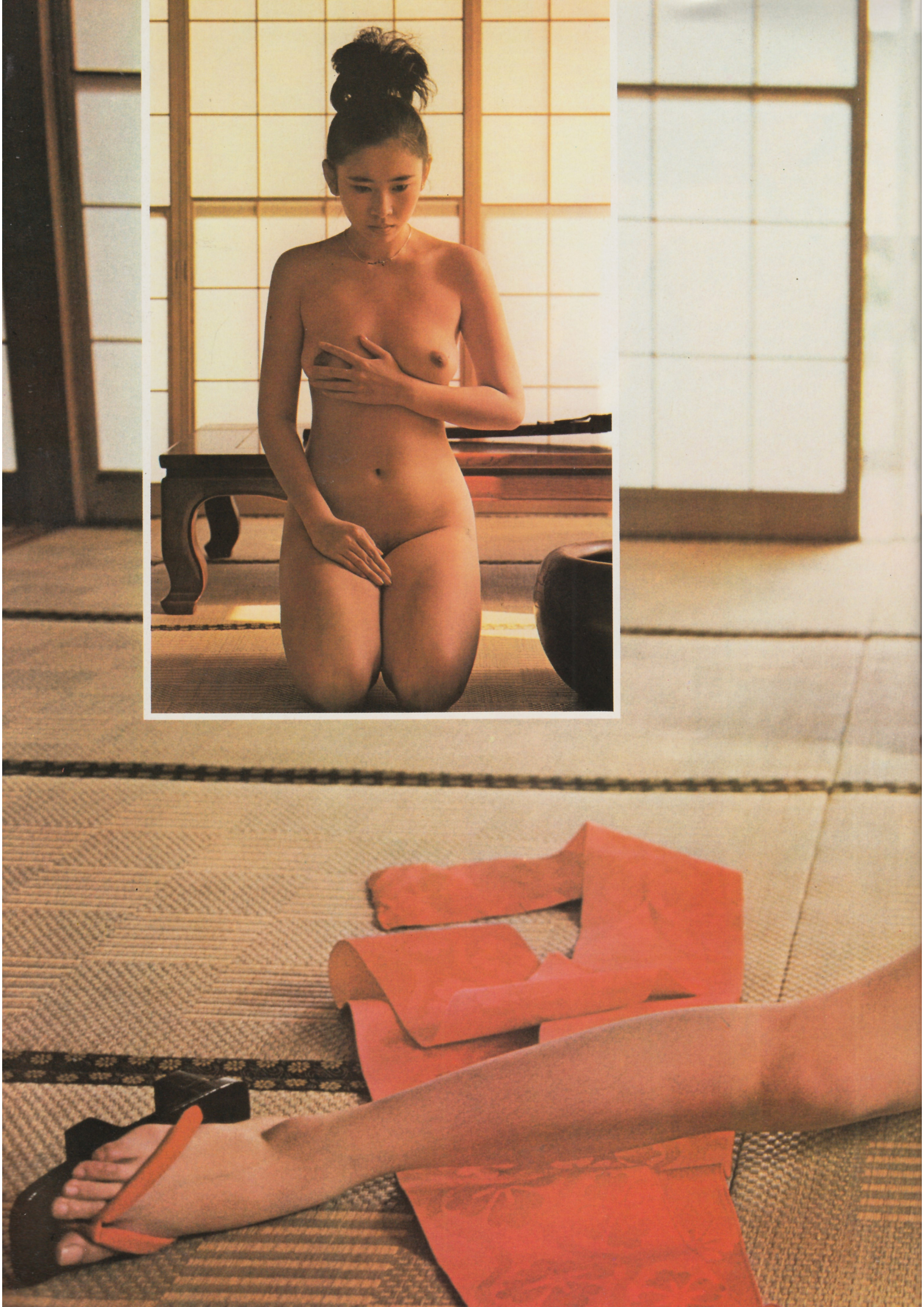
KEIKO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Japanese women seem to have a certain tranquil beauty which is reflected in their faces, their temperaments and even in their movements. Keiko epitomises this unique oriental elegance with a slim 33-22-33 figure and features so delicate that she reminds us of a fragile porcelain doll. But Keiko is real flesh and blood and lives in Hara Mura, a hilly region not far from Hiroshima on the island of Honshu.

Keiko is fairly westernised by Japanese standards. She is a secretary with a large company and speaks fluent English. 'I learnt it when my company sent me to their London office for a couple of years, but I do prefer to speak my native tongue because I can say things more easily. And I think it sounds more pleasing to my ears.' Though she has picked up some of our western habits, Keiko does not envy the freedom of European and American girls. 'It seems they are always in competition with men and trying to be like them. But in Japan we recognise there is a difference between the sexes. We are taught to serve our men, and regard that as our duty. Even in the bedroom we aim to please them in any way we can. Women's Liberation has not reached us yet, and I don't think it will for quite a few years yet. So much of our tradition is tied up with these attitudes. A few generations ago, girls like me would not have been able to go out to work and have boyfriends. But now we are allowed that.'

厄除
開運



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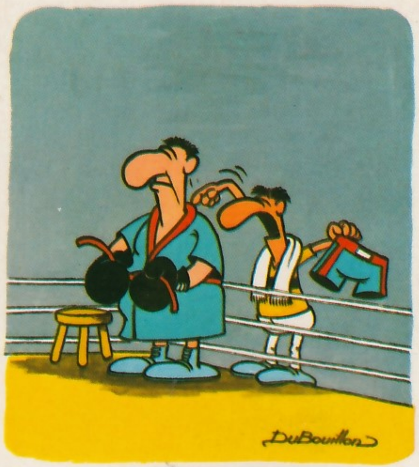
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

After ten years of marriage, the delighted couple were able to produce their first baby.
The happy mother asked her husband to make sure that a suitable announcement of the event was placed in the local paper so all their friends could hear the glad tidings.
When he visited her the following day she asked him if he had contacted the paper and he said: 'Yes, but it was awfully expensive. In fact they charged me more than £500.'
When his shocked wife asked why, he replied: 'Well, they gave me a form to fill in and I put what you wanted me to say. But at the bottom of the page there was a space for the number of insertions. So I put down "Twice a week for ten years."'

Two former friends who had not seen one another for ten years met by chance in Park Lane.
'I have this marvellous job,' said one.
'I don't do very much work in the mornings, but then the Managing Director invites me out to lunch. Afterwards we sometimes go to the races or the cinema. After that dinner and perhaps the theatre or a nightclub . . . but how about you, how are you doing?'
'Well, it's a strange coincidence, Christine,' said the other, 'but I'm the boss's mistress too.'

A young man was walking through the woods when he discovered an old bottle buried under a pile of leaves. He pulled out the stopper and a genie appeared who told him: 'You will be granted three wishes for releasing me after centuries trapped in that prison. But remember, whatever you ask for, your worst enemy will receive double.'
'I'd like a dozen stunning girls at my beck and call,' exclaimed the young man.
'Done,' replied the genie. 'But your enemy now has twenty-four new names in his little black book.'
'Now I'd like another two inches to be added to my manhood.'
'Done,' said the genie. 'But your enemy now has an extra four inches. And what is your last wish?'
The young chap smiled and said: 'For my third wish, Mr Genie, I'd like to have one of my testicles disappear.'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The queue of animals getting into the Ark was quite a long one, especially as the elephants had got stuck in the door. Noah stood by the gangway as Mrs Noah checked off the entrants.
'Giraffes?'
'Two.'
'Dogs?'
'Two.'
'Rabbits?'
'One hundred and sixty-three.'

A certain old spinster had a brother who was a merchant seaman and one Christmas he sent her a pair of parrots in a cage, one male and one female. She was intrigued to know which one was the hen and which the cock and as she was not very experienced in such matters she consulted the local vet next morning.
'That's easy,' said the vet. 'Watch them and the one which gets on top is the male.'
'I do watch them,' she replied, 'but they never do anything except sit on the perch.'
'Then creep down at daybreak and have a peep, and when you find out which one is the cock, make sure you mark it.'
The spinster obeyed his instructions and on the third morning caught the two parrots in the act of mating. To make sure she would recognise the male, she tied a white band of cloth around its neck.
The following Sunday the vicar came to tea, and as he removed his coat the cock parrot shouted: 'Hello, so you've been caught shafting a woman as well?'

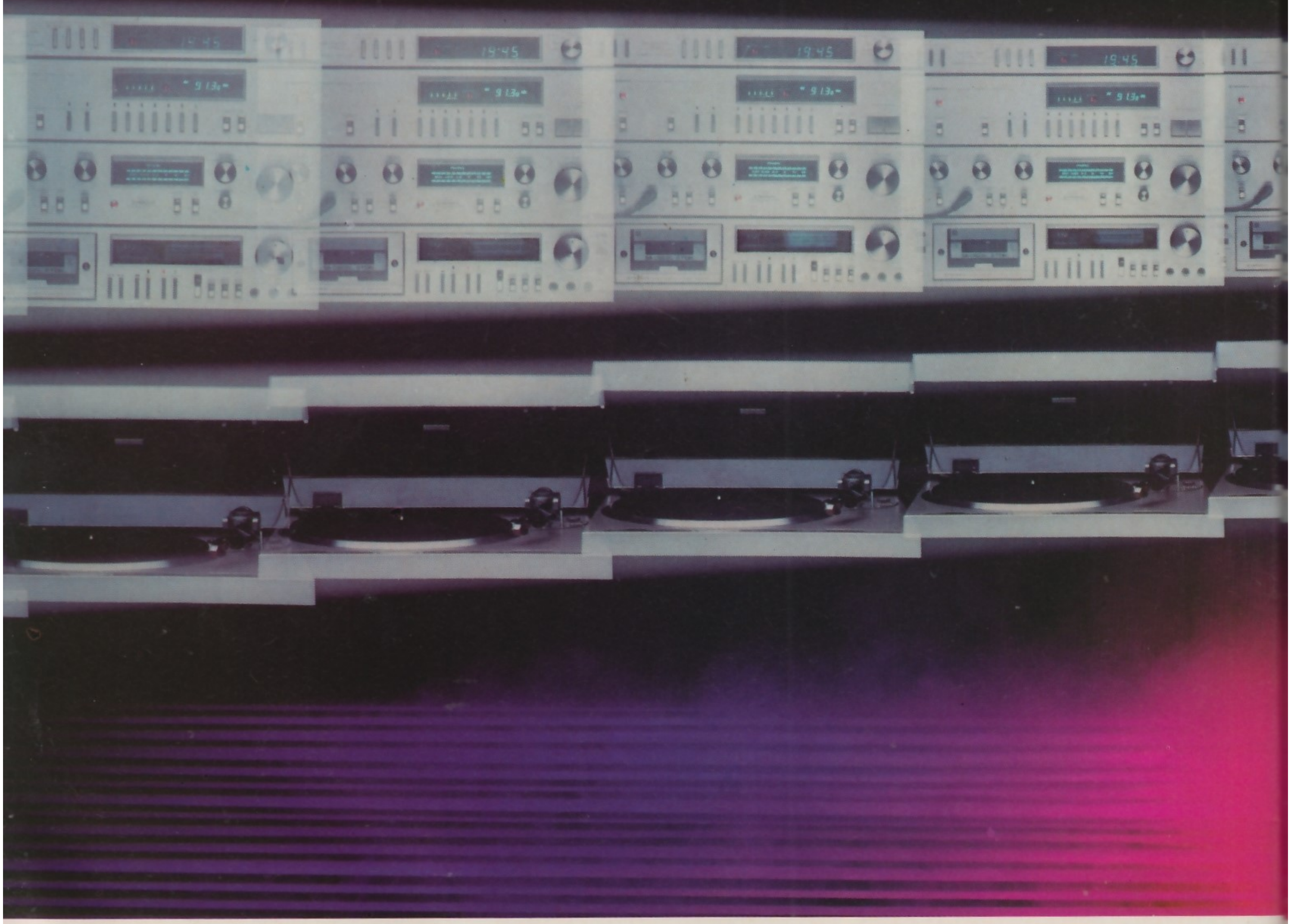
'I am asking, sir,' said the nervous youth to his girlfriend's father, 'for your daughter's hole in handy matrimony.'

A young stud and his latest female conquest were busy one dark evening in the back seat of his car which he had parked in a quiet side street. But she proved to be too insatiable even for him, and try as he might he just could not satisfy her demands.
Eventually he was forced to take a rest and get out of the car for a breath of fresh air before going back for the second round.
'Don't be long,' she told him, 'we haven't finished yet.'
Walking round the block he bumped into one of the regulars from his local who asked why he was so weak and unsteady on his feet. The stud explained his problem, and the regular replied: 'I wouldn't mind a problem like that.'
'Well,' said the young man, 'why don't you take my place. Get in the car with her and enjoy yourself. It's so dark she won't notice and I can get off home and go to bed.'
The other chap readily agreed, got in the car and was performing like a champion when a passing policeman shone his torch through the window, banged on the roof and asked what was going on.
'Oh, it's all right, officer,' the man replied shakily, 'this is my wife.'
'I'm sorry, sir,' replied the PC, 'I didn't realise that.'
'No,' said the man tersely, 'nor did I until you shone that bloody torch.'

A beautiful spy from Boulogne
Hid a very small bomb in her groin.
One night, after supper,
When the colonel was up her,
It blew off his balls with a BOINNGGG.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

THE ULTIMATE IN H



Looking at the X-900 pictured above, gives you the impression that it's something out of the ordinary.

And out of the ordinary it most certainly is; it's the ultimate hi-fi system.

One of a range of four Pioneer hi-fi systems called the X Series: X-900, X-700, X-500, X-300.

Slim, matched component separates that are fully integrated to produce the very best in sound. And in style.

Each separate measures under 10cms in height and has uncomplicated controls that are clearly laid out and easy to use. Stacked one above the other they create a neat, uniformity of design.

But there's more to integration than meets the eye. Technically, every separate matches every other perfectly. Leaving all problems of compatability and ill-matched separate's with other systems.

In effect, what you can't see of the X Series integration, you can hear. From 65 Watts (78 Watts DIN) per channel with the X-900 amplifier to 20 Watts (27 Watts DIN) per channel with the X-300.

On all the amps, except on the X-300, there are bright blue, multi-peak Fluroscan™ meters which give accurate level readings.

But across the range, every cassette deck boasts metal tape compatability and IC logic tape transport control.

The first allows you the pleasure of listening to recordings at the highest standard yet achieved, through the invention of metal tape cassettes. Which give a wider dynamic range and less distortion than any other tape.

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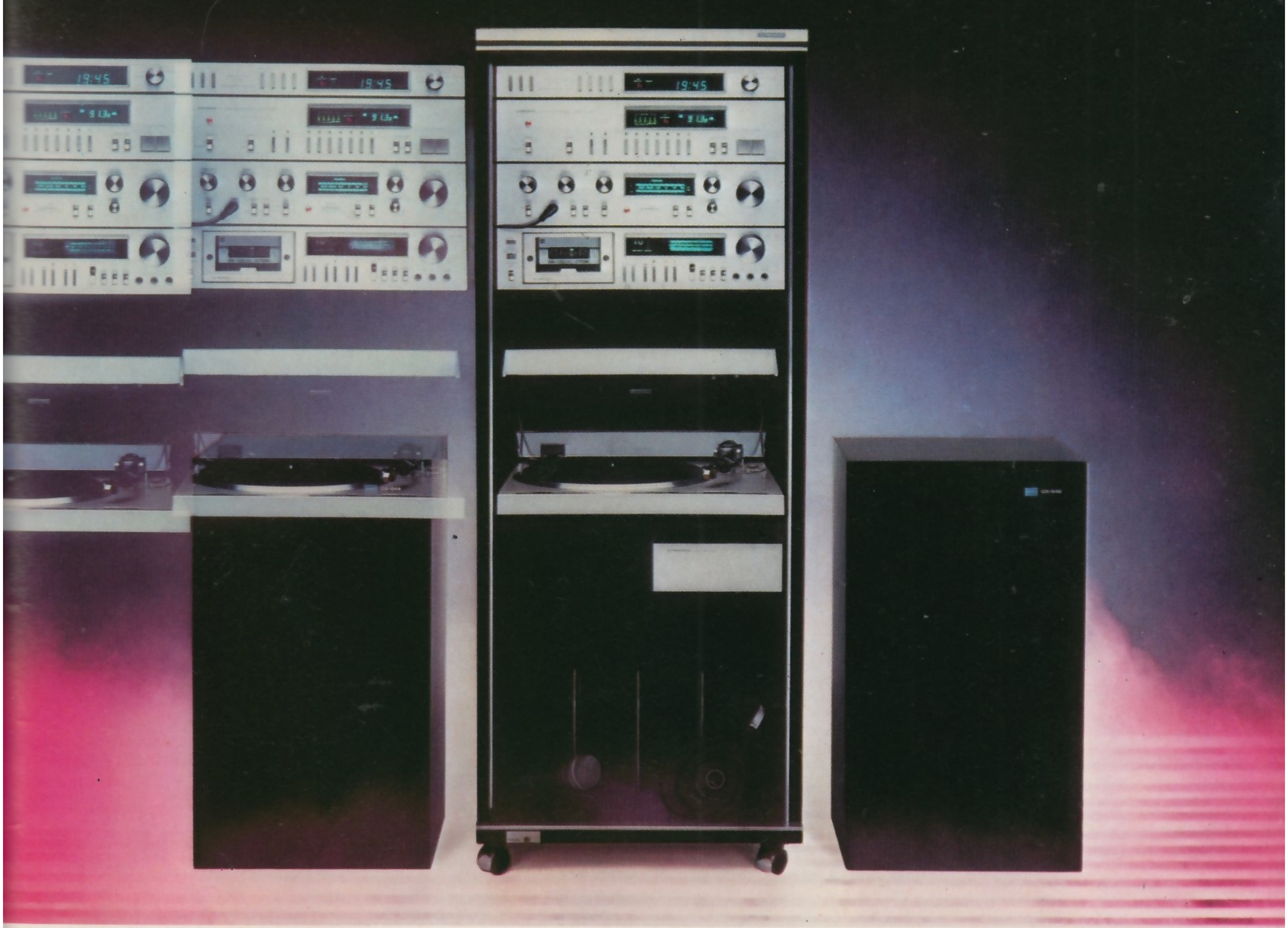

The other, maximum safety in tape movement. An electronic memory control virtually eliminates any breakage or jamming when switching from one function to another, i.e. 'fast forward' to 'play.'

All the tuners have three wave bands (LW, AM and FM Stereo). And additionally, the two top systems are digital with pre-set station selection across all wave bands, giving instant recall with feather-touch controls.

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Integration beyond anything you've experienced. But not beyond your reach.

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These days in the surgery it is sometimes possible to meet someone who does not belong to the Royal Corps of Torturers . . .

Knowing the drill with the gentlest dentist

Humour by Peter Vencat

I am as frightened of visiting the dentist as the next man. Unless he is normally endowed with courage, in which case I am twice as frightened. I have this yellow streak down my spine as broad as Ole Mississippi. But it doesn't apply to *my* dentist. He is known to his patients, all of whom are his friends, as Painless Pat. Never was there a more richly earned nickname.

For example, when I emerge first thing in the morning from my nightly instalment of *nacht und nebel* and lie waiting for the trembling to stop I review the horrors of the day to come. Then I remember that there will be a welcoming smile from Pat later in the day, and the tremors go away for another eighteen hours.

Or at least until I enter his surgery, which is an unhappy description for a start. But if adorable Alison, his wife, is on hand there is a welcoming hug and the inevitable is postponed a while longer. Unconventional if you like, but if you are christened Painless by your admirers you're entitled to be.

Then his attractive nurse Gilly takes my coat and my confidence, and I say Good Morning to Moloch.

Moloch stands seven foot three in his stockinged chromium feet and you put your head into his great circular mouth if Pat wants a 360 degree X-ray of your mouth with fixtures and fittings, and for my money Moloch is someone you don't offend. When he's switched on, he glows.

Even Pat when he takes a picture retreats to the far end of the room with Gilly, which incidentally does nothing for my morale although strictly speaking it's none of my business. Lord Snowdon wouldn't retreat.

Then we talk motor-cars for a moment while Pat washes the blood of an earlier patient off his hands. My morale sinks lower because he has a rare and beautiful Bentley bought on the proceeds of rotten ivory. I reflect sourly, for I covet the car.

As I am strapped into the dental lounger, another ominous sign, I take a surreptitious look round to see if he has any new equipment. And he always has.

Smoothly shaped sentinels with thin curving inquisitive heads and instruments that bustle out of their bellies; large flat lamps that stare curiously down, and a

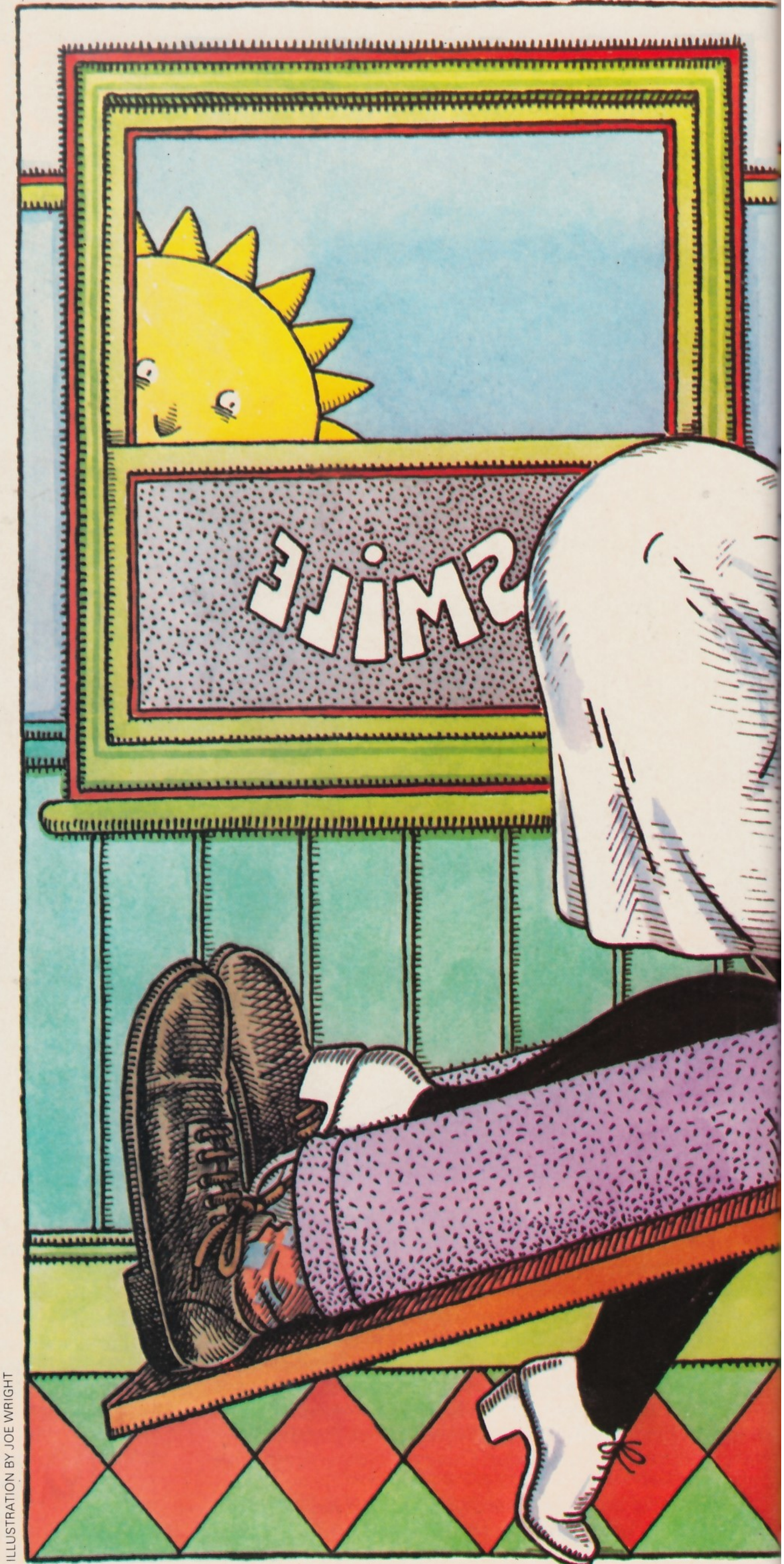
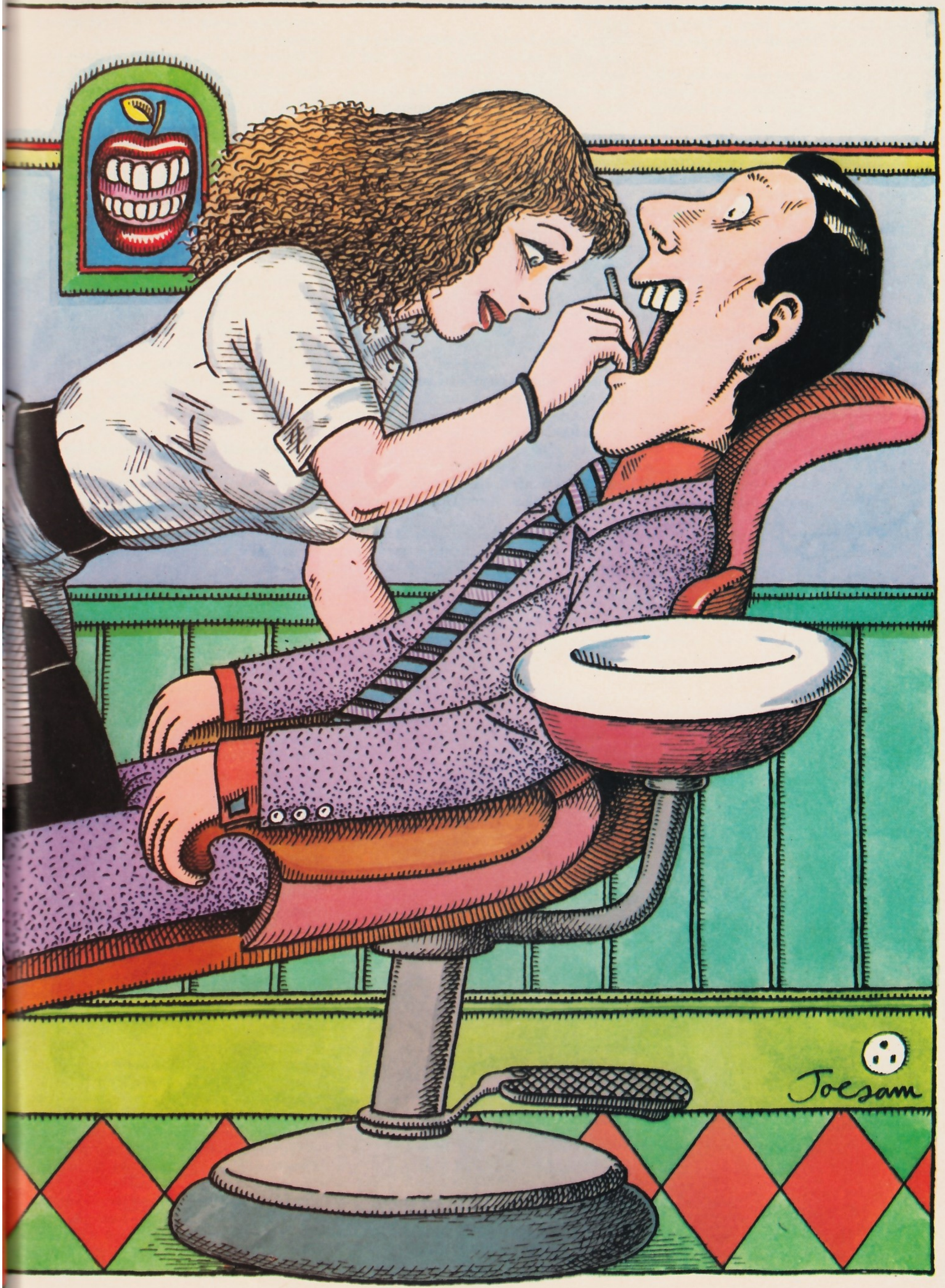


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT


Joesam

water-swirling chrome spittoon that emerges by your elbow from a 'Thirtyish' cocktail cabinet. They all want to get in on the act.

Meanly it occurs to me that dentists must be the only torturers in history who require new implements every year. Five hundred years ago the Royal Corps of Torturers would have had no use for such expensive frippery, even without the contemporary cutback in government spending.

Pat cuts this line of speculation short by inserting a wide rubber gag half-way down my throat while he murmurs amiably that he is just going to take a look round – as if I might otherwise think he is going to trample grapes or maybe have a game of mah-jongg. At least he doesn't ask questions while I am all clammed up.

'Not much wrong there,' he announces with a smile, and then proceeds with a catalogue of such devastating horror that in any other circumstances would have me dash out to book a fast freehold with the local undertaker, friendly or not. God knows what the form is if Pat tells you something *is* wrong.

'No, no,' he adds soothingly, idly running what feels like a razor-blade along my gums, 'nothing too much to worry about in there.'

Gilly leans across to peer with interest at The Pit 'in there'. She looks like a vulture. A lively, desirable, attractive, humorous bird, sweet and tender. Like I said, a vulture.

'Yes,' Pat muses, 'I'd like you to see our new hygienist, I don't think you've met her before?'

'Marvellous,' I reply, 'I'll make a date next time I'm in town. Great.' I might just as well have spoken to Moloch.

They decide across me that Hazel will be clear in half an hour and doesn't want lunch anyway. I mumble that I wouldn't for the world deprive the loathsome creature of her calories, but I appear to have been banished to a world of silence, a dental Radames surrounded by guards carrying the latest in dentists' spears. It transpires that Hazel, whom I now see as a sort of Lovat mixture vampire, is all get up and go, positively champing at my bit. Pat points out that I can easily pop back in half an hour. It is not a question.

Fortunately next door to the undertakers round the corner there is a bar where I hastily down three large gins before I reflect that I may well send Hazel into an alcoholic stupor simply by saying hullo, particularly as she is going to work on an empty stomach. Then I think savagely that the moustachioed old bat can take her chances, I've given her a tweed pork-pie hat a size too small by now. After all, everything is stacked against me – headed by my own teeth cowering in their spongy gums.

I shall send Pat a Thesaurus for Christmas. There must be less offensive adjectives, and a command of oblique English is evidently no part of even the best dentists' trade.

Sharp at 1.15 pm I return, a boozy leer of pure terror distorting my homely features, confidence oozing out of my shoes leaving smudge marks down the pavement.

A Vision opens the door and supposes that I am me. Vaguely I note that I haven't seen this particular receptionist before. She invites me to follow her which even in these dire straits is no strain, and ushers me into the old bat's den. Waiting for the ancient to appear, possibly from the ceiling, I look nervously up, I hear a noise and turn to see the Vision fiddling with a pair of pliers at a bench.

'What has become of Frau Ilse Koch?' I enquire, and she replies: 'Oh yes, I'm Hazel, we haven't met,' and extends a cool delicious hand.

Now at last I know what a facer is. I can feel mine glowing a warm cherry-red like an over-stimulated Aga cooker. I grasp her hand, at the second attempt, and slide gracefully into the chair as my knees turn to water. I push my heart back down my throat and shove it somewhere under my left shoulder-blade. Or it may have been my right.

Here I should interpolate, something I'm not much given to as a rule, that I am a happily married man, addicted to the simple and, above all, uncomplicated life, unadventurous, kind to small children and old ladies, provided they are encountered infrequently enough, a pillar of conventional respectability, a dull dog. Right?

To Hell! Here was Life challenging me from this gorgeous girl's huge blue eyes as she stood there, lips and legs slightly parted, balancing easily I dare say on the balls of her clearly adorable feet. In one hand she held a small chromium ice-axe, in the other a finely-wrought hammer – ambivalence in a smart white coat. Nor was the hammer the only finely-wrought object present. There had been an air of finality when she closed the door that would have been almost unbearably welcome at any other time.

I remembered having noted the peculiarly apt conflict suggested by the title of Graham Greene's novel *The Agony & The Ecstasy.* I had not expected to have its aptness shoved up my nose quite like this. To find this beautiful creature, her crisp outfit hugging an enviable figure far too snugly for comfort, mine, in such a situation was enough I thought to throw the most switched-on, tuned-in sexual buccaneer. What was more I could see that whatever was dawning in her eyes it was not the light of romance. Indeed her brisk approach suggested that what lay in store would probably make the Charge of the Six Hundred by comparison a pleasant afternoon out with the Sevastopol Pony Club.

I don't mind a modest portion of irony to spice one's progress down the razor-blade of life, if you will forgive the goulash of mixed metaphor, but I do object to being drenched in it for there was worse, far worse, to come.

Figure to yourself, as the French tend to repeat rather too often, the position. I am recumbent, a dead ringer for Frankenstein before the vital spark bounced him

'Sir Reginald Charlesworth, MP for Pidlingtown North . . . well-known philanthropist and anti-pornography campaigner . . . this is your life!'

turn to page 98

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Girls nowadays don't seem to care about how much they show. I went round to a new girlfriend's flat to pick her up for a date. She airily called to me from her bedroom and when I went to the open door, there she was, bottom in the air, crawling under the chest of drawers looking for an earring. Not a vestige of any knickers on. I took it for an invitation, but all I got was a slapped face. And I had to fish the earring out from the dust and hairgrips.

Excerpt from a reader's letter to Mayfair.

Knowing the drill

continued from page 96

into timeless profitability. Perched prettily beside me on a stool, her lovely legs crossed, is Hazel, prattling away nineteen to the dozen, God knows what about. Until we reached end-game, by which time I'd lost all my pieces and most of my marbles, I scarcely heard a word.

As she bent forward to drive the first piton in I managed to warn her to beware my breath, I had had a small gin. Coolly she replied that I'd have done better to have had several. She had a point at that.

Deftly she inserted an ice-axe, secured the relevant lip with her crampons, and levered. Hard. I closed my eyes and there was a dull clang as part of Mount Etna ricocheted off my palate. I opened my eyes to find her face barely six inches away. The tip of a little pink tongue peeped through her parted lips, tense with concentration. Her skin was flawless, her tip-tilted nose more inviting than a hundred Cleopatras. Her ears were small, close set to the head, and the soft fair hair, gently swinging, was limned against the light. Those cool blue eyes gleamed with what for the sake of charity let alone sanity I shall call dedication.

I shall not say she was enjoying her work, though that was obvious, because that would be to impute emotions that could have no place in that serenely lovely face. What was certain was that I was not.

'Try to relax,' she murmured, 'you're awfully tense. Look, this lip is trying to interfere with me.'

A lip, I thought grimly, you should worry about a lip.

Remorselessly she carried on blasting and filing and chipping at the great mounds of slag that had accumulated over the Pompeian ruins my teeth had become.

No man likes to appear an idiot before a really pretty woman, or any woman come to that. But to appear a literally bloody cretin, an ambulatory handful of rotting ivory and suppurating bone attached to an irrelevant body before that divine apparition was more than flesh and blood could bear. As if divining my thoughts it was becoming increasingly clear from my excursions to the spittoon that she was, as the groovy say, into both.

At last with a dainty sigh she sat back and surveyed her handiwork. She'd taken a lot less time than Our Lord but you could tell she too found it good. My teeth, tiny now without their protective lava slabs, felt like pointed Papuan fangs.

'I'm going to want to see you again – twice this week and then often after that. We have a lot to do together,' she breathed.

I could think of no possible reason why Fate should have dealt me such a perfectly ghastly hand.

'And now,' she went on, 'I'm going to lecture you – very sternly.'

Oh God, I thought, not bondage!

This was real. It was happening. Now. To me. I pinched myself although heaven knows the pain in my gums was real enough. So too was Hazel – impossible to invent her.

She re-crossed those delectable legs, pulled her skirt down demurely, and surveyed me. Even now she was scarcely three feet away, still well within range of conventional theatre weapons, but for all the emotion I inspired I might as well have been a halibut on a slab.

She transferred her gaze to a small wooden peg held in her hand as if it were the Holy Grail. I swear her eyes misted over. For the first time there was genuine emotion in her voice. The very air became charged with tension. She spoke: 'Your gums are in a terrible state. Quite soon if you go on like this all your teeth will fall out.'

My heart thumped more wildly than ever. I wished I had brought her an apple. I wondered how she would look in black leather.

'I want you to take it in your hand,' she instructed me, 'and then push it in and out like this, look – quite slowly but firmly. Then leave it in and waggle it around a bit inside. Next you take it out.

My eyes bulged.

'Try holding it like this, look, I'll show you. Imagine you are having fun.'

I could feel a thick choking sensation closing in. So this was what a heart attack felt like. It seemed the only logical end to this insane encounter. But my unsultry temptress was not finished with me yet. By no means.

'Now. Whenever you have a moment with nothing else to do, just remember me – and do it.'

She smiled encouragingly as at a child.

'Will you do that for me?'

Dumbly I nodded. I could think of nothing to say. There was nothing to say. If she patted me on the head and called me a good boy, as seemed quite likely, I might burst into tears.

I drew a deep breath. Intense pain shot through every tooth in my head, each tiny fang shuddering without its overcoat in the sudden icy blast. It was pure agony.

'And you'll come back and see me again just as soon as you return to the city?' she asked winningly.

There was a heart hospital nearby I remembered.

'Yeth,' I mumbled obediently, and sent a volley of blood and lava chips rattling round the rim of the bowl. *Rien ne va plus*, and that went for me alright.

She beamed: 'Good, then that's you finished.'

She never spoke a truer word.

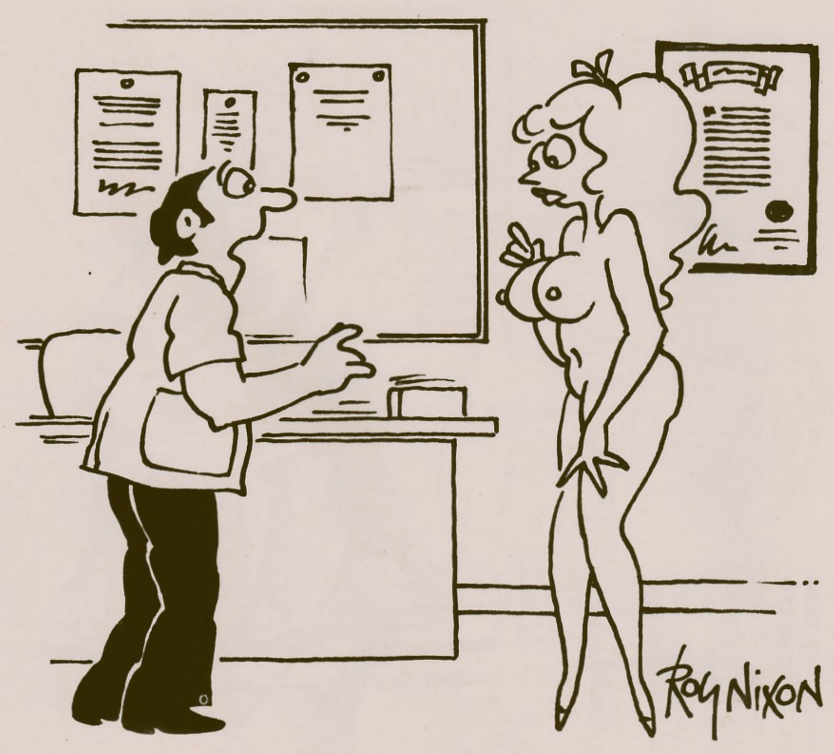
The door opened and Pat ambled in. 'Have fun?' he enquired, then without waiting for an answer went on, 'How was he, Hazel?'

'Good as gold,' she purred.

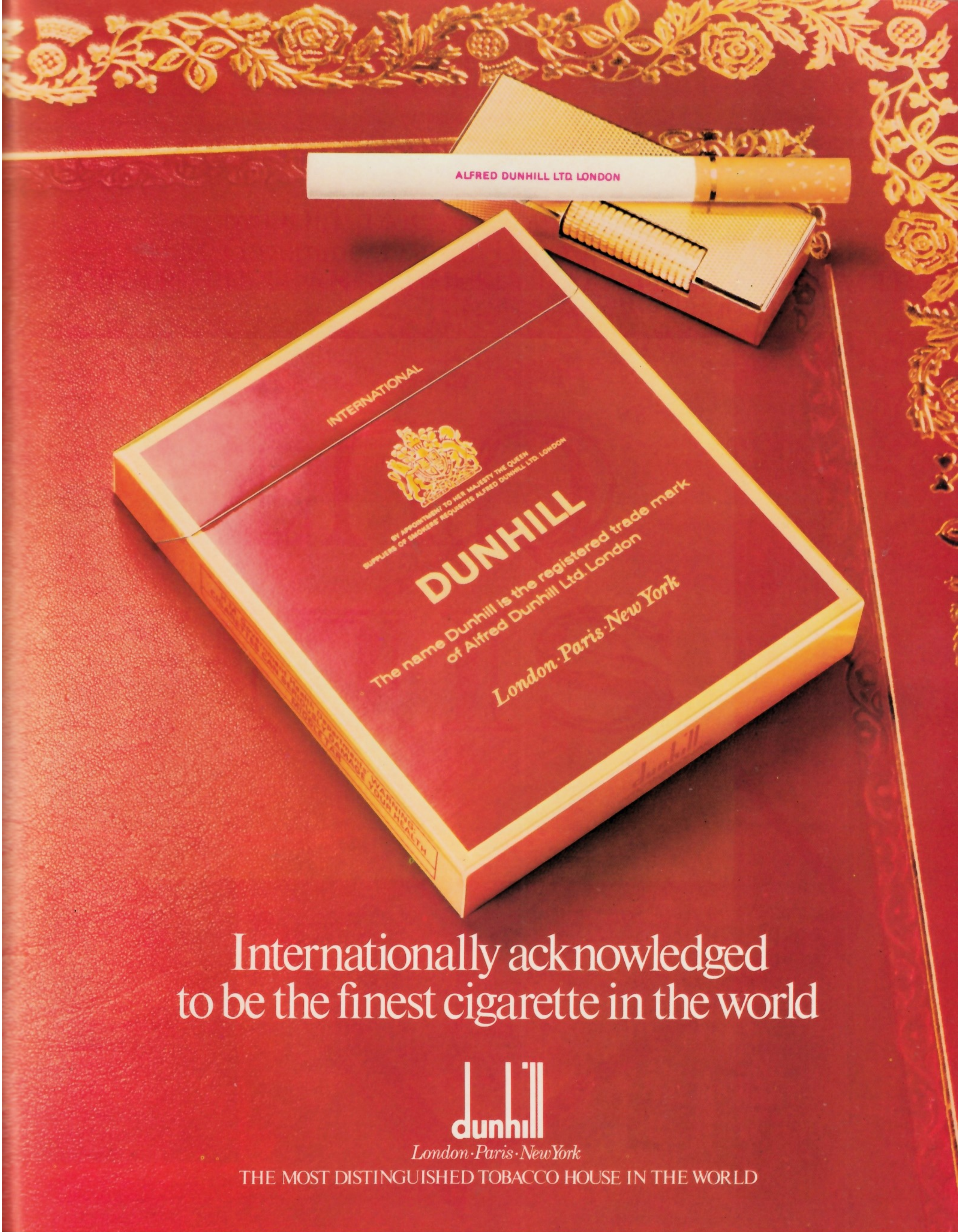
He looked at me thoughtfully. 'Hmm. That doesn't sound like him to me.'

Now even dear Pat, my friend, began to look like a vulture inspecting some promising carrion. As I staggered back to the bar for a poultice of warm gin I reflected that no bird of prey was likely to last long on my liver. Not with the quantity of gin I should be requiring with Hazel around.

But I might bring her an apple.



'I was worried when you didn't turn up yesterday. I thought you might be ill!'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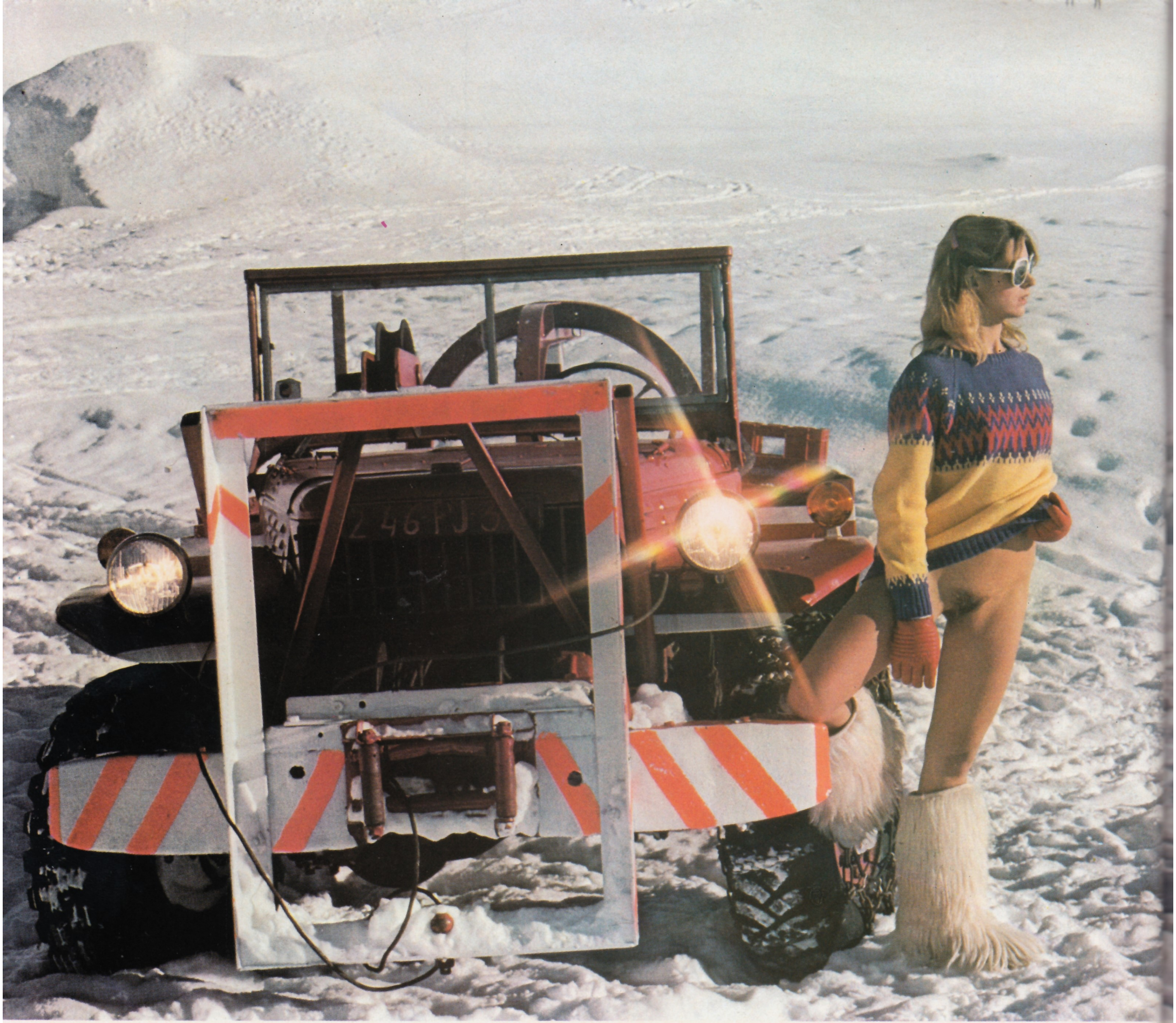

Margaret

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

Just as some women respond to the sun in a sensual way, letting its warm rays soak over them as they lay on the beach, so Margaret DuBois reacts to the snow. 'It brings out something deep inside myself. I find it difficult to explain to other people, or even to myself, but when I am alone surrounded by all that snow, the mountains and the emptiness I feel so calm and at peace. I never bother going on summer holidays, but just live to return here.'

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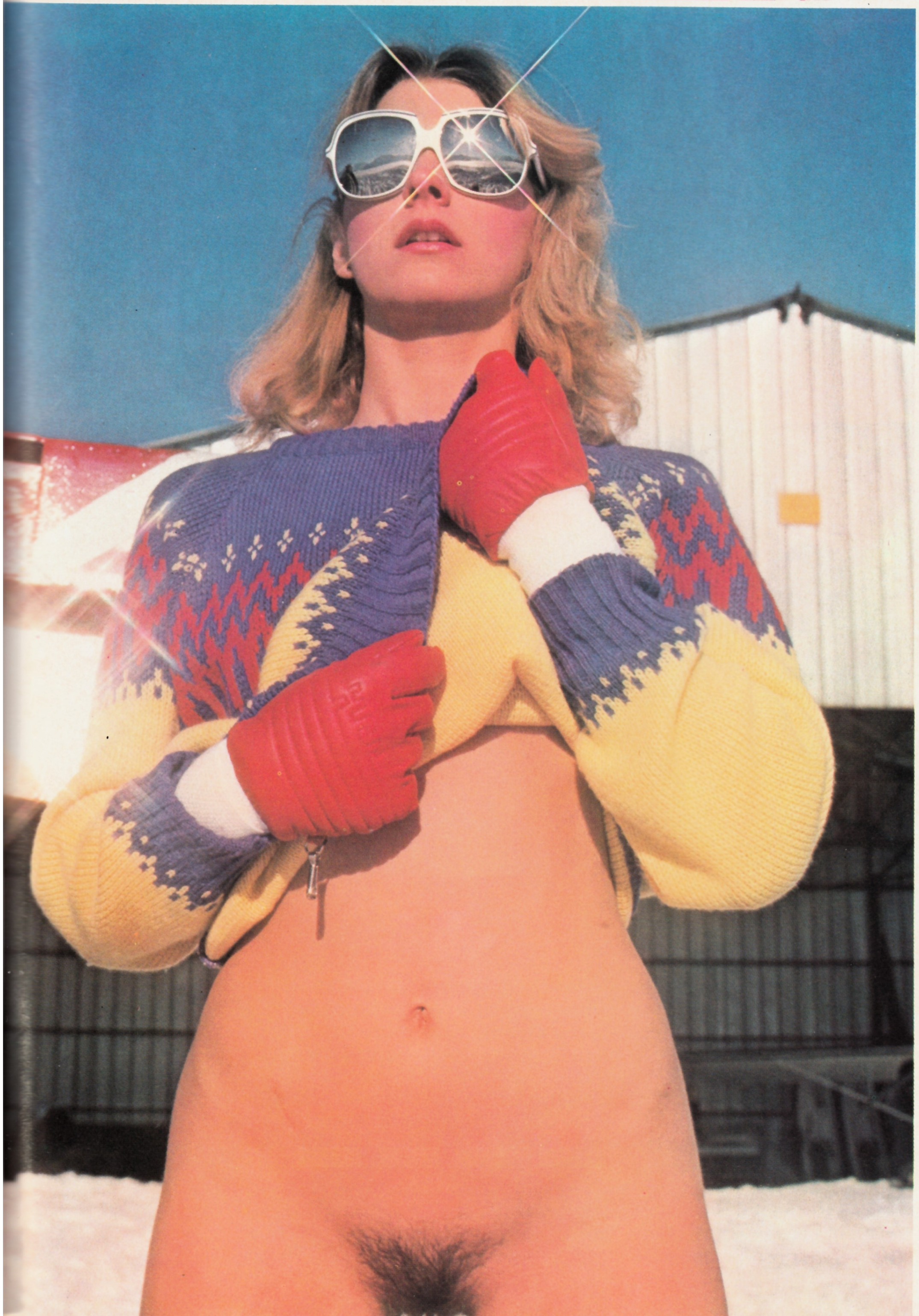
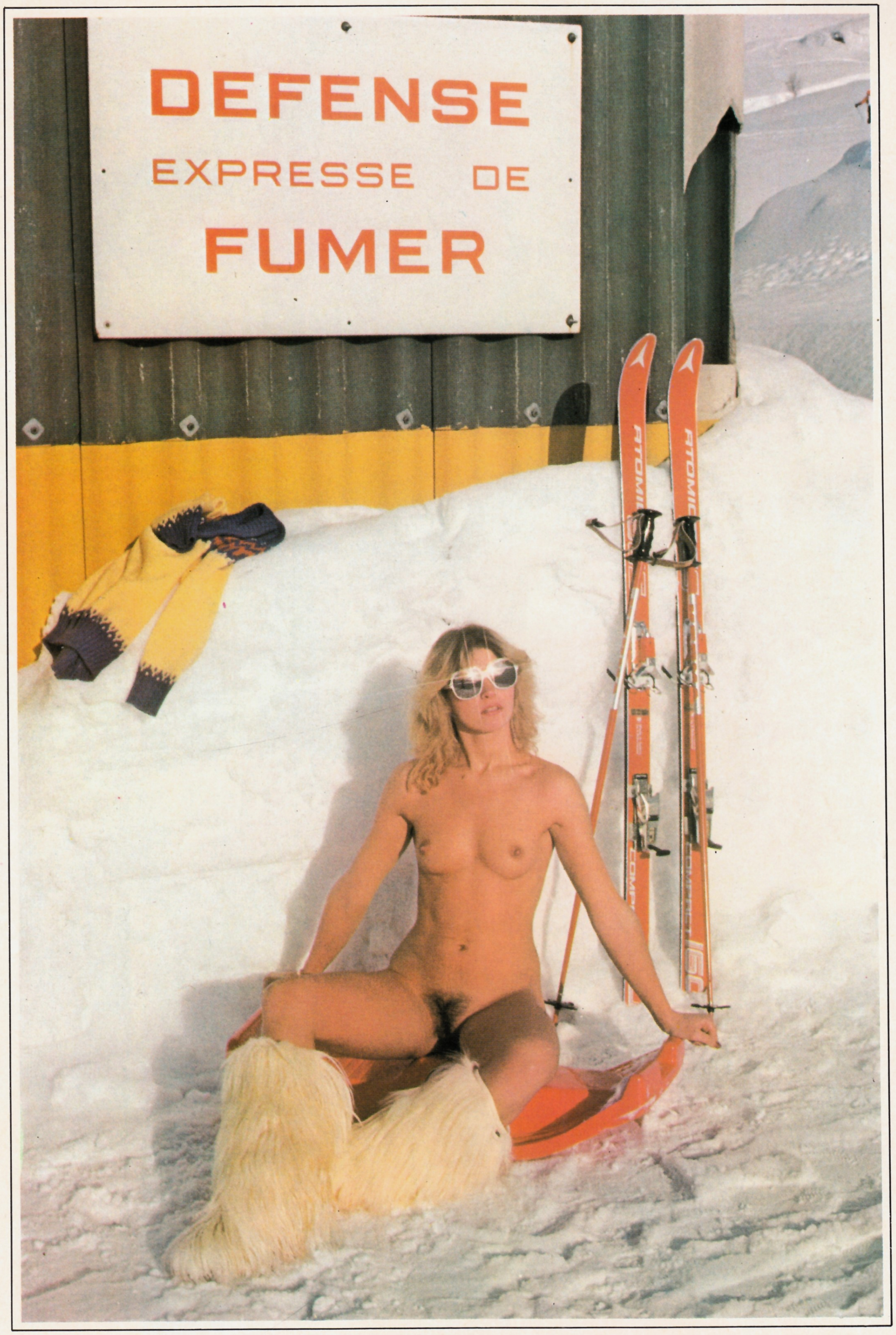
Twenty-two-year-old Margaret is able to get out in the snow for several months each year because her father's family come from Chamonix, a French ski resort which is dominated by the mighty Mont Blanc. 'I just do temp work at home so I can easily pack up and go off to the snow when I like. It is so, so white and pure and exciting.'



She was brought up here in England, but has been on regular visits to Chamonix since she was a toddler. 'My father came over to England in the war and stayed when he met my mother, but I'm sure he still misses the snowfields, they must be in his blood.' Perhaps one day we will all return to live out there for good.'



Margaret likes nothing better than to just wander out amongst the snowfields on her own. Then, when she has found a spot which is sufficiently isolated, she will often unzip to let the mountain air wash over her firm 35-24-35 figure. 'I know the area like the back of my hand, so there is never any risk for me, as long as I remember to treat the slopes with the respect they deserve. Even the experienced guides treat them with deference, almost as if they were alive. Well, I suppose for me they are alive, more so than Coventry where I spend my days in England.' One of Margaret's favourite runs when she goes skiing is the 20 kilometre route down the Valley Blanche under the shadow of Mont Blanc itself. 'To fly downhill on a pair of skis gives me a greater thrill than any man. But one day I hope to make passionate love up there with a dream lover.'

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Thirteen

Some girls are attracted to older men, even if they are old enough to be their fathers, because they are experienced in the ways of the world. And many men, too, fantasise about young girls. Sometimes these fantasies come true, and this month Quest speaks to three people who have experienced this.

One **Art student, 19 years old, single, town of origin, Brighton**

This – female – interviewee left school a year ago with three A levels and moved up to London to study at an art college. She shares a flat with three other students.

Quest: Do you generally prefer older men to boys of your own age?

Student: I think older men are a lot more mature, and of course they know a lot more about life than guys I meet at college who've come straight from school. But I can't really say I prefer them. In fact I've only ever been out with one man who was more than a couple of years older than me.

Quest: Peter?

Student: Yes, that's right. He's the only one.

Quest: Would you say you were sexually experienced before you met Peter?

Student: Yes. Well, no, perhaps not compared to some of the women you interview. I mean to say, I wasn't a blushing virgin or anything like that. I'd had boyfriends and I'd had sex with some of them. But I don't want to give the impression that I'm promiscuous. I've just got what I regard as a perfectly normal attitude to sex. I do it if I want to.

Quest: What about Peter?

Student: What about him?

Quest: Did you fancy him when you first met him?

Student: Not really. I thought he looked distinguished, but I was more concerned as to whether he could give me a ride all the way to Brighton.

Quest: How did you met him?

Student: I was hitching down to Brighton to visit friends down there. I can't afford to go by train on my grant, so I hitch. Besides, you get to meet some interesting people.

Quest: And Peter stopped for you?

Student: Yes. I didn't expect him to, though. People in big BMWs don't usually stop for hitch-hikers, even female ones.

Quest: Do you think he fancied you when he first saw you?

Student: I don't know. He didn't make any obvious advances like trying to grab my leg or asking if I wanted to stop in a layby.

Quest: Does that happen?

Student: It's not uncommon. But Peter wasn't like that.

Quest: What was he like?

Student: Sophisticated. That's the word that sprang to my mind as we were driving along. He was just like the typical high-powered businessman that you see in those plays on the TV, sort of in control all the time. Very confident.

Quest: Did that attract you to him?

Student: Not really attract. I was very impressed because from what he told me he had an extremely responsible job but he didn't take it too seriously. Or that's how it seemed to me. I'm hopeless at making decisions or handling money and he made huge financial deals sound so easy.

Quest: Was he wealthy?

Student: Yes, very. I thought he must be fairly comfortable from what he was saying, but I didn't realise until I saw him back in London just how much money he had. That was something else I liked about him.

Quest: What?

Student: He wasn't flashy. You see some wealthy people who throw their money around, but Peter wasn't ostentatious about his money.

Quest: Did he tell you much about himself?

Student: I picked up various things from the conversation, like I knew he was divorced and I worked out from a couple of things he said that he was about forty-two or three. But most of the time we talked about art. He seemed very interested in my work at college and when we stopped for lunch he asked to see a couple of paintings I had in my portfolio.

Quest: He took you to lunch?

Student: Yes. We stopped at a lovely little pub off the Brighton Road. Peter often drops in there because he knows the landlord. We had a superb meal with a bottle of wine and he wouldn't let me pay for any of it, not that I could have afforded to eat there, anyway.

Quest: What happened after lunch?

Student: We carried on to Brighton.

Quest: Who made the first move to take the relationship any further?

Student: Peter, I suppose.

Quest: You suppose?

Student: Well, that sounds as if it was all calculated by him, and I'm sure it wasn't.

Quest: So what happened?

Student: It may sound corny, but it wasn't like that at all.

Quest: What does?

Student: He put his hand on my leg after he changed gear. Just casually.

Quest: Did you object?

Student: No, I felt quite flattered, really. I'm sure he could have his pick of lots of women because he was fairly attractive, and wealthy.

Quest: Did you respond?

Student: I didn't do anything really. I just sat there relaxing in that comfortable seat. He had the stereo on and I felt quite mellow after the big lunch and the wine.

Quest: Did you enjoy having his hand on your leg?

Student: To be honest, yes. He was so gentle about it that I began to feel quite turned on when he started stroking my thigh.

Quest: Did he say anything?

Student: Not at first. But when he moved his hand up my skirt he told me how attractive I was and how much he enjoyed my company and conversation.

Quest: So you were wearing a skirt?

Student: Yes. It was quite a warm autumn and I had a skirt and long socks on. I don't like wearing tights until it gets really cold.

Quest: Did he go further than just stroking your thigh?

Student: A bit.

Quest: What did he do?

Student: He stroked his hand along the inside of my thigh, very softly and gently, moving further and further up.

Quest: Were you still enjoying it?

Student: Yes. I began to feel damp down there, specially when he rubbed his fingers across my pants. He was rubbing the slit through the nylon.

Quest: What did you do?

Student: I moved a little lower down in the seat and opened my legs so he could work a finger inside the elastic. That really had me writhing.

Quest: Why was it so exciting?

Student: I knew we couldn't go any further as we drove along so I felt quite safe. And he was so gentle. Not like some guys who think they're stirring a pudding.

Quest: Did you climax?

Student: Yes. In a quiet way. I wasn't yelling, but I did climax.

Quest: Was that as far as you went that day in the car?

Student: Yes. We reached Brighton soon after and he dropped me off. He gave me his business card and told me to look him up if there was anything he could ever do for me.

Quest: Did you plan on contacting him?

Student: No. If it hadn't been for my address book I don't think I would have seen him again. I just put the card in my pocket and went off to find my friends.

Quest: How did the address book come into it?

Student: I couldn't find it when I got back to London on the Sunday night, so I thought I might have left it in his car by mistake.

Quest: So you rang Peter?

Student: Yes, on the Monday. He said he hadn't seen it, but suggested that I go round to his flat so we could look in the car. He even offered to cook me a meal.

Quest: Did you suspect he had some ulterior motive for asking you round?

Student: No, not really. He seemed so matter of fact, almost offhand, that I got the impression he'd forgotten all about what happened in the car.

Quest: What happened when you went round there?

Student: I couldn't find the address book. I found that at my place a couple of days later. I hadn't taken it with me after all.

Quest: Did you make love with Peter?

Student: Yes.

Quest: Did he seduce you?

Student: No. I'm not the sort of girl who gets seduced just like that. We had a very pleasant evening and it just happened that we ended up in bed together.

Quest: How did it happen?

Student: Well, we had a meal and some wine. Then he gave me a brandy and we listened to his stereo. It was an amazing set up.

Quest: Do you think he had it all planned, then?

Student: I meant his stereo set up.

Quest: Oh, sorry. Did Peter make the first move?

Student: Yes.

Quest: Please tell us what happened?

Student: We were sitting on the settee and he just put his arm round me and leaned over to kiss me.

Quest: Did you respond?

Student: Yes. I found him exciting to be with and I remembered how gentle he'd been in the car. I felt very safe.

Quest: What happened then?

Student: We kissed, gently at first, then very passionately. I've never been kissed like that before. He was nibbling my lips, then he explored every part of my mouth with his probing tongue. He got me worked up just by kissing. Then when he started stroking my breasts through my dress I got really hot.

Quest: This all happened in the living room?

Student: Yes. But then he took me to his bedroom and undressed me. He stood me in front of him and undressed me without laying a finger on me. I was dying for him to touch my boobs or put his hand between my legs, but he didn't do anything until I was completely naked.

Quest: What did he do then?

Student: He kissed me again and gradually ran his hands all over my body. Just lightly, barely touching me. Over my boobs, my tummy, my bottom and down between my legs. I was really aching for him, then. He lay me on the bed and ran his tongue all over me, taking more time on the sensitive areas.

Quest: Which sensitive areas?

Student: The usual ones. My nipples, neck, between my legs.

Quest: Did he perform oral sex on you?

Student: Yes. He rubbed his face in my bush, then started to gently lick up and down my slit, gradually pushing his tongue in deeper and deeper until he was running it up and down the crack. Then, when he began to rub my little man with his tongue I just sort of exploded. I love being licked down there and Peter was so good. He gradually worked me up until I was writhing around on the bed, hardly able to bear it any more. I had a shuddering climax. It makes me tingle all over even now when I think about it. I can still feel his tongue probing.

Quest: Did you perform oral sex on him?

Student: Yes. While I was recovering from the orgasm he'd given me, Peter undressed and lay on the bed with me. He was very fit and had the body of a much younger man. Quite muscular from playing squash. I stroked his tool and he got hard as soon as I touched it. It was so beautiful that I had to lick and kiss it. I wanted him to feel as good as he had just made me feel, so I took him in my mouth and brought him to a climax with my tongue.

Quest: Did you perform actual sexual intercourse with him?

Student: Yes. But first I climbed on top of him and we had oral sex again, a sixty-nine. That was wonderful, taking him in my mouth and feeling his tongue deep inside me at the same time. Then he lay me on my back and moved into me, filling me and moving in and out, slowly and gently at first, but getting faster and harder until I

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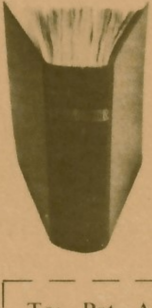

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Quest: Why?

Cashier: He was my boss, wasn't he? Even though we were away from work there was such a difference between us that it made me a bit uneasy, that's all. Then he offered to run me home.

Quest: You agreed to that then?

Cashier: I said it was all right, that I'd catch the bus but when I got outside it was raining and there's no shelter at the stop. He said to wait there and he'd get the car.

Quest: Were you feeling tipsy?

Cashier: I was when I got outside, it sort of hit me. He had a Mini, an old one and I couldn't get the door open at first, then he opened it from the inside. I just sort of flopped into the seat and we set off. He asked me if I was okay. I said I was, and as I was answering him, he put his hand on my thigh. I didn't take any notice because I thought it just a fatherly thing, but he didn't remove it. Instead he moved it higher, under my dress.

Quest: Did you stop him?

Cashier: No, I didn't. I could have, but I didn't. I suppose that I thought it a thrilling, novel thing to be happening to me. I don't know, honest. It suddenly came home to me when I felt his hand brush against the inside of my thigh and his finger slide over the front of my knickers. Still I didn't stop him, but froze. I brought my legs together which only trapped him there. It was then that I started feeling frightened, although I liked the feelings.

Quest: Did it go any further?

Cashier: No, not then. We arrived at the flat after that and I didn't invite him in. Afterwards I tried to forget all about it, but that night I started to think what it was about me which had got him interested.

Quest: Did you come to any conclusions?

Cashier: No, only that I suppose I'm not unattractive.

Quest: How old was Terry?

Cashier: I found out later he was 37.

Quest: Were you flattered by his interest in you?

Cashier: Very much so. He wasn't clumsy or anything. He wasn't a Toff or anything, but he had a very authoritative manner. You almost had to respect him.

Quest: Like a teacher, perhaps?

Cashier: Similar. Yes, similar.

Quest: Did you ever fancy your teachers at school?

Cashier: There was one really dishy one all the girls used to like.

Quest: When did you have actual sex with Terry?

Cashier: The following week.

Quest: Please tell me how this came about.

Cashier: It was the following Friday. We open till eight on Thursdays and Fridays and have a rota for working late. After closing, I went into his office to say goodnight and he asked me if I'd like to have a drink with him to celebrate his wife giving birth. I'm not the type of person who likes to offend and will do most things for an easy time so I agreed, even bearing in mind what had happened before.

Quest: And what happened?

Cashier: He took a bottle of red wine from the storeroom and opened it. We sat talking for what seemed hours and I was again getting a little tipsy. We emptied one bottle and he suggested another and asked me to go and get it. I went into the storeroom and picked out another. I was feeling really happy and when I turned to go out, he was there. He came up behind me and put his arms round me and I could feel him pressing into me.

Quest: An erection?

Cashier: No, but it was him. I really felt quite faint – not from the drink but because of the sexy way I was being treated. My heart started to pound when his head came down and he kissed me very gently on the back of the neck and then started nibbling my ear lobes. That drove me wild. I wanted to turn round and kiss him. I wasn't thinking straight, I know. But it didn't matter he was married or was twice my age. He moved his hands up and cupped my breasts while holding me very close. It was divine. He then moved his hand under my jumper and up outside my bra and started squeezing my breasts. I felt the nipples harden and begin to ache. I was disappointed when he broke off, but he just moved his hands to my back and undid my bra. When he put his arms round me again and moved his hands onto my breasts I thought I'd die. I felt myself getting moist between my legs and I wanted to see him. I turned round and he lifted my jumper over my breasts so I was exposed. His head immediately went for them and he started licking and nibbling one breast while kneading the other. I let my hand fall in front and brush against him. He was erect and seemed so massive. I decided it would be all right to go so far.

Quest: You mean stop short of sex?

Cashier: Yes. But once I started I couldn't stop. When I pulled him from his trousers he was like a furnace and I was quite scared. He then moved his attention to my jeans and undid them and they fell to the ground. His hand moved between my thighs and I had to fight for breath when he edged his finger inside me. He started rubbing his hand all over me there and inserted his finger deeper and deeper into me. Just then I felt his thing trying to edge between my legs and I panicked. He kept saying it would be all right and all I could do is say 'What if I get pregnant?' He said he had some condoms in his wallet and he went to his jacket and put it on. I could have stopped there and then but I didn't. When he came back he asked me to lie on the floor on my hands and knees and he came into me from behind. I was expecting it to hurt but I was surprised although it did seem to burn me. As he started to move faster into me it all welled up inside me and I blacked out. When I awoke only a few seconds later he was locked into me very deep and felt him come. It was only afterwards then that I began to see how stupid I'd been. He ran me home and I cried all night. I stayed there a week afterwards then left. That week was awful. I felt used.

Quest: Have you had any other experiences with older men?

Cashier: No, I've got a boy, now.

Quest: Thank you.

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Fraternising: Academic Style

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said nothing. They were obviously fighting. There were more thuds, gasps of breath, a grunt, a loud thud.

'I'm going to get you for that!'

Harder breath, desperate grunts, a loud gasp, a tearing of some material. It was dreadful, I wanted to shout. I felt my armpits drench themselves. Would Soo call for my assistance? She must want to protect me, or else she would. Anyway, I couldn't get out – she'd locked the door. I felt I was going to be sick. Perhaps if I just covered my ears it might be better.

'Right, that'll teach you! Now, on the floor! Come on!'

'Bob, for God's sake, stop!' She was near tears. 'It's the tenth day and I'm not risking it.'

'Then get your bloody diaphragm quick!'

'I can't.'

'Why the hell not?'

I knew what was coming. That diaphragm just had to be in the wardrobe. How would she explain it? How would *I* explain it?

'I . . . I'm not feeling well, that's why. Get on the bed. I'll get it in a minute.' She'd given in! All for my sake! I felt worse than ever.

'Go on,' she said. 'You know I don't like you to see me put it in.' She had humbled herself totally. She was going to do everything he wanted just for my sake. I heard him get up and crash down on the bed. Footsteps towards me. I held my hands to my face and looked at the back of the wardrobe. The door opened. A hand patted me. I cringed. Buried my face deeper into the back and under the clothes that were hanging there. The hand tugged at me urgently, but I couldn't look at her.

'Get a bloody move on. I should have had you right now. Come on, I'm losing interest.'

The hand tugged again, but released me as there was a thud on the floor. He was coming over, whether she liked it or not. Had she got what she wanted? The door shut quickly.

'Right!'

Soo was pushed on the floor and soon gave out a cry of pain.

'Bob! If you want to sleep with me again . . .' I couldn't take any more. It was about two feet from me. I put my index fingers into my ears and pushed hard.

Somehow I managed to keep all sounds out for around two minutes. I felt giddy and my ears felt sore. I wanted to be sick, and I was developing a pain in the side of my head. When I cautiously released the pressure I could hear Soo crying and Bob cursing. After about a minute the main door was opened and then banged. I slumped back. What had I brought about?

'Soo . . .' I tapped against the door. 'Let me out. I want to look after you.' I meant it.

She turned the key. I blinked in the light.

'Don't look at me down there, please,' she said, 'I . . . I've got something wrong with me.' Under any other circumstances I'd have looked straight down at the great divide, but on this occasion I somehow managed not to. I stood up and saw she still had the rugger shirt on – albeit pushed up to just below her breasts. I took her in my arms and held her tight. My pity, admiration for her loyalty to me, and a strong emotional attachment to this girl whom I'd met only a couple of hours before, got the better of me. 'Soo . . .' I kept on moaning, but I just couldn't find any more words.

'You did it just for my sake, didn't you?'

'I suppose so.'

'Why?'

'Well . . .' Those blue eyes lowered.

'Soo, I think you're *great*!'

'You're pretty great yourself, you know.'

That was another icebreaker. Soo smiled, turned me round so that I faced the other way, and started doing something with her clothes. I couldn't think of any decent conversation, all my mind could fix on was what on earth could be physically wrong with her. She appeared in front of me in a dressing gown, went and squatted on the bed in rather unsexy fashion, and motioned to me to join her. We held hands and then, although I didn't want to, I felt myself gradually edging closer towards her. After a while one of my hands released hers and instinctively, helplessly, made its way round her waist. I knew she must still be very upset, and I knew I mustn't go any further. That would be crazy. I'd hurt her feelings and probably turn her off me for good. And yet my hands just couldn't keep still. My left hand was already playing around her buttocks, and my right one was stroking her cheek. I had to go.

'Soo . . . I think I'd better go. I know I said I wanted to look after you, but it's just no good. You're so bloody beautiful I just . . .' I hadn't *meant* it to be a way in, but it was.

'Don't apologise,' she murmured. 'Men are all the same. But you're different; you're honest about it. Look, I'm going to get a quick wash.' She stood up. I held her to me, squeezing her waist and then stroking her long neck. She started caressing my waist in return. I pulled her dressing gown up at the back and gently massaged her buttocks. She'd put some pants on, and so I pushed my hands down the elastic at the top and started easing them slowly down over the frill, rubbing and squeezing at the same time. Our lips came gently together.

'David!' My hands had slunk round to the front and were going downwards.

'Sorry . . .'

'There's something I have to tell you, but I'm going for that wash first!' And off she went. I squeezed myself. I was getting too excited.

After a minute or so I'd cooled down a bit, but I was getting worried now. Soo and I were going to make love, that was for sure. And in my typically male, impetuous way I felt that I really did love her, which was obviously a very good thing. But sexually I was frightened. Soo was so good-looking that she must have had it off with dozens of men, whereas all I could boast were four little virgins. Until now I'd always been rather proud of that figure. I'd screwed each one of them for a pretty long time, but basically, all I knew was what I'd taught myself or got second-hand out of

sex manuals. And since I was a good seven or eight years older than Soo, I didn't want to appear relatively inexperienced. Well, it was too late to run away now. I tried to think of one manual I had once read: long foreplay was its answer to everything.

Women have the knack of prettying themselves quickly. And she'd done it very well into the bargain. I suddenly felt aware of my sweat-ridden clothes. I should have had a wash too. But Soo didn't seem to care. And then nor did I. I gave an enormous smile and she gave me one back. We grasped each other's hands and moved towards the bed. On the way she reached over to switch off the main light. I loosened her dressing gown and delicately held each breast. They were warm. I kissed her hands, her mouth, her neck, and then I gently pushed her back onto her pillow. Her nipples were beautifully erect by now and I kissed each in turn, slowly passing a hand down her waist to her thigh. Her hands were running through my hair, and I kissed her all over her belly. That really excited her, so I kept it up. She was grasping at my shoulder, so I pulled off my jacket and my shirt and tossed my glasses onto the floor. As my fingers went between her thighs she started breathing heavily. All fear of a poor performance had left me now, and I started to tease her, with incidental caressing all over her pussy and kisses down to the frill of her pants. Her legs were wide apart, one of them hanging over the side of her bed. I went back to her mouth, but she wasn't interested. She just used my new position to grab my prick.

She still had her pants on, and I reckoned it was probably time to lose them, but as my fingers went down the elastic at the front, she suddenly pulled me to her.

'David, listen a minute, will you? There's something wrong with me down there.'

Not again! Don't say she didn't have a fanny, or something!

'It used to embarrass me a lot once, but I don't mind quite so much now.'

'What, Soo?'

'Don't laugh . . . but . . . I've not got any pubic hairs . . .'

I did laugh, of course, and I felt her stiffen.

'Soo, I'm sorry, I didn't want to laugh, but I was imagining all *sorts* of things that must be wrong with you! And anyway, wasn't one of the most famous Parisian models of all time similar?'

She sat up, banging into my head.

'Ouch! Really? Who?'

She was relaxing, thank goodness!

'Kiki! I don't suppose you've studied the surrealists yet, have you?' A shake of the head. 'That mad American, Man Ray, who was mixed up with them and bedded down with Kiki in the twenties mentions it in his autobiography.' I was sounding like a bloody lecturer. I must stop. 'Kiki was really upset she didn't have any. But it didn't seem to stop her from having a whale of a time sexually.'

Soo stroked my chest thoughtfully, twirling my own hair round her fingers. She was really taken with what I'd said.

'Gee, if only I'd known that before. Our

turn to page 122

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TINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RALPH HAMPTON

It would be fair to say that 21-year-old Tina Curry is finger lickin' good. For in truth, 36–23–36 Tina is a former sales assistant with that august purveyor of Kentucky Fried Chicken, Colonel Sanders. These days, however, Tina's superb jutting figure commands attention even in the dark at the West End cinema where she works as an usherette. 'I only work part-time,' she explains, 'but even so it gets boring after you've seen a film more than three times. Still, it's a laugh, isn't it?'

Tina, although born in Liverpool, lives in Ilford, Essex, and can often be seen in the *Rose and Crown* or *The Conqueror*. 'I sometimes go down to *The Old Globe* at Stepney Green for a quiet drink, but basically I don't go much for the pubs down here. You get some funny looks especially as I drink mainly beers.' Tina has lived in East London for the past eighteen months, and before that had several shared flats in suburbs as diverse as Forest Hill, Camden and Ealing. 'I think it's something to do with my personality – the people there are much more friendly than elsewhere in London. Maybe it's because they're my type of people socially, know what I mean? I also like the rugged men that you seem to find in that part of town. I like my men to be dominant over me. Not rough like, bu masterly. They've also got to be tall and blond and have nice bum

Fraternising: Academic Style

continued from page 117

GP at home says I'm the first case he's seen, said I was unique. I used to have dreadful complexes before I came to University.'

'What a silly, ignorant sod he must have been.'

Soo was lying back again and musing. Poor kid. Perhaps I should try and make up for those complexes her unthinking GP had given her. She would swallow anything I said now.

'In fact,' I went on in my lecturing voice, 'Man Ray came across another girl in the States with a similar condition. He was a photographer, by the way, specialising in nudes, that's why he saw so many. Both she and Kiki were so good in bed that he reckoned their absence of pubic hair must definitely have something to do with it.'

It was working. Soo had a smile flickering round her lips.

'You're pretty sensitive down there, aren't you, Soo? Can I admire what you've got . . .?'

And so Soo, probably for the first time in her life, slowly but happily helped me to slip her pants down for the purpose of admiring her non-existent pubes.

It was strange, feeling a bare pubic area. I ran my fingers all over it, gently patting and rubbing. It was quite different to one that had been shaved. Soo peered down at herself with new interest. Thank goodness scholarship had come to the rescue. I kissed her on the lips and pushed her back. To hell with all the manuals! I couldn't wait much longer. My hands went to her gorgeous breasts, and I kissed the nipples again; she was really relaxing now, so my hands went all over her. She seemed especially sensitive at the waist and in her left groin, so I concentrated there for a while. I went back to her mouth, but her lips were limp and she was breathing heavily, so I started going down her neck towards the promised land. By the time I had got down to her navel she was giving out little moans and gasps.

'Go on,' she urged, 'go on,' and so I gently started putting my mouth onto an area that until now I'd always felt a bit uneasy about. Kissing flesh is good. Kissing lips is better. But kissing hair, wherever it was, never really turned me on. With Soo it was different. She was like a soft cloth, and I made the most of it, drawing as much into my mouth as I could and letting my hair brush against her belly as I did so. She was totally gone now, so I tried a finger, managing to slip two in straight away. I felt her cervix thrusting itself out at me as I swept the fingers round, and she raised her bottom into the air. I started easing my fingers in and out, slowly but firmly, and she responded with a rhythmical return. Her legs couldn't have got much wider apart, and I was pretty desperate by now. I pulled down my pants and glided straight in. Groans of pure pleasure from both of us. I penetrated as deep as I could go.

We started moving together fairly fast. I felt so desperate by now that I reckoned I would need ten thrusts at most, but the beer must have slowed me down, because it took closer to thirty. She spasmed quite a lot towards the end, groaning and twisting and panting in turn.

We lay together – both panting – for a while, and heard the College clock strike midnight. I pressed her to me and she squeezed me back. I reflected on what I'd done and whether I could really love Soo as much as I imagined. We'd met at 8.30 and we'd had a joint climax by 12. That would take some beating. But the speed of it all worried me. Was she a simple whore, or did she really feel something for me? I pulled myself up and groped round for my clothes. Soo had fallen asleep. I was very tempted to bed down beside her, but getting out of here was going to be far easier at night than first thing in the morning. I covered her up and tiptoed out.

Despite my tiredness, I didn't sleep well. The fact that I hadn't prepared my teaching fully for the next day didn't help. As a result I was tied up solidly between getting out of bed and seven in the evening. I had a quick meal, spruced myself up, and started off for St D's.

The first shock was to find Bob in the room with her.

'Dr Bresum . . . how very nice of you to call! You're in time to share in a little celebration.' Soo was bright red and kept looking the other way. I felt very uncomfortable. At least he didn't seem to suspect.

'Celebration?'

'Yes . . . you see . . . er . . . well, you're obviously a man of the world so I might as well tell you.' I sat down in one of the chairs. I didn't know what was coming, but it clearly wasn't going to be good.

'Well . . .' Bob was beginning to look embarrassed. 'You see, after you'd kindly seen Soo back here last night, I came round and, well, you know we'd had a fair bit to drink, and . . .' Bob had obviously had a few whiskies tonight, but what on earth could they be *celebrating*?

'Well, I, I mean we . . . you know . . . but Soo couldn't find her . . . er . . . you know . . . and so . . .' So *that's* why Soo had been tugging at me!

'Of course it's very unlikely that she might be, but anyway, I came round this morning and asked her to marry me.'

Marry! Him! Bob just didn't seem the type.

'We've been going out since we were fifteen, so after five years we've finally made it!'

Soo had gone out, so I was at least spared having to look at her. I tried to stammer some congratulations and asked some silly question about whether they would manage alright on two grants.

'Ah,' said Bob slyly. 'Actually I'm due quite a lot of money when I get married, as a result of my great uncle's will. A very large sum, in fact. I should have got married the day I was sixteen! Here, have a whisky.' And he walked over to the table and poured me a treble malt.

It was clear – yet again – that I just hadn't been born into the right bed, so I said I had just called for a minute, downed the whisky like the final pint of the night before, and beat a hasty retreat. Soo grabbed me in the corridor and pulled me into the loo. She was still bright red.

'He's the first and only boyfriend I've had,' she whispered, 'and he's not as bad as he sometimes seems.' She hesitated, not sure whether to go on. 'And he's very rich.' The blue eyes swept down to the floor in shame. 'You're the only other person I've slept with, you know . . .'

My heart pounded. Things were beginning to fit into place. Her complexes about her fanny had stopped her from having anyone besides her childhood sweetheart. Apart from me. And what did I in particular have to offer . . .? Would she marry *me*? My thoughts went back to that cheap scent round her neck. No, she clearly wanted a better existence than she was accustomed to. Yet the thought of Bob's hands on her made me wild. I pulled her hard against me, pressing those wonderful mounds against my chest, and put my head on her shoulder.

Well, that was it. Nice while it lasted.

'David . . .?'

'Yeah?'

'Any chance of your telling me a bit more about the surrealists sometime?'

Boy! I hadn't lost after all!

'Hmmm,' I murmured, nibbling her earlobe, 'I usually give tutorials on them at 8.30 on Friday nights. And you'd have to stay the full course, you know, even though it's rather demanding . . .'

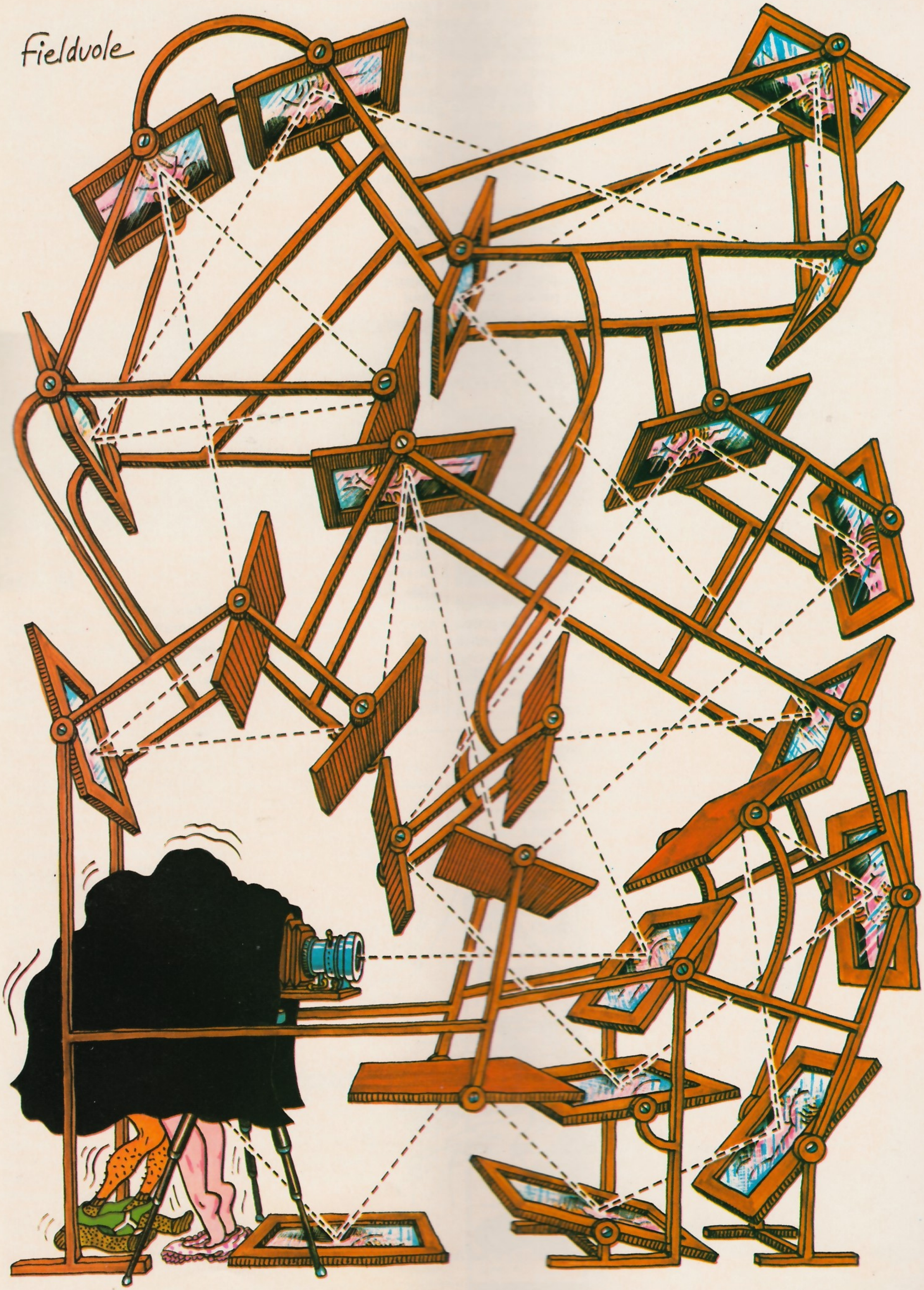
She giggled.

'But what if Bob finds out?' I whispered.

She gently rubbed me between the legs and breathed a hot, ironic reply into my ear: 'So fucking what . . .'

Mike Atkinson

'I'm all for bringing a little fun into our sex-lives Jeffrey, but aren't you overdoing it a bit?'


Fieldvole

LETTERS

continued from page 10

Scandinavian ladies for a long time, and I was so glad you brought her back in a different guise. I think she has improved immensely since her last appearance and looks younger and more feminine.

I must say that centre spread can arouse my libido and I am a bachelor of 69 years.

Victor Kenny, Oxford

I would like to add my views on a subject close to my own heart, wet clothing.

As many readers have stated, the practice of girls going into rivers, fountains and pools in everyday clothing is becoming increasingly popular and like many of your other readers I find it arousing.

While I was on holiday on the south coast last summer I saw many girls go into the sea whilst wearing tight jeans and dresses.

I noticed two girls playing with an inflatable dinghy, both fully dressed. One wore a tight slit skirt and a loose blouse whilst her friend wore tight cord jeans and a white T-shirt. After various attempts to launch it in the process of which they both got wet up to the knees, they finally got it afloat, getting even wetter in the breakers. Finally, in girlish horse-play they turned it over and waded ashore, laughing and splashing with their clothes plastered to their bodies, towing the dinghy behind them. They then frolicked in the sea, ducking and swimming with their wet clothing showing off their bottoms and breasts to their best advantage.

Later in the afternoon two girls and their boyfriends were passing, fully dressed in jeans and the thick sweaters which are now so popular. They were enjoying their paddle, pushing and splashing and trying to throw each other in. When one of the boys tried to throw a girl in she took offence and the four of them went to sit on some steps nearby.

After a short discussion they decided it was time for a swim and headed for the sea. At first they went in up to their knees, splashing deeper and deeper until they were all four swimming around. When they reached a raft further out it was a joy to see the contrast of fully-dressed girls diving with bikini-clad girls.

Another situation I observed was a girl who had forgotten her bikini. She decided on a paddle while her bikini-clad friend had a swim, and, rolling up her jeans, gently waded out to knee depth. The water gradually began to lap round her ample thighs and then her shirt until with a squeal of delight she submerged and swam with her friend. As she waded ashore afterwards, grinning and waving to her friends, no detail of her figure was left to the imagination with her shirt hugging every bit of her body and the water cascading from her tight, glistening jeans.

Please let us have more photosets like these experiences, or maybe even a Quest investigation of the subject. And let's hear what the girls have to say about how they turn their men on by getting deliberately wet whilst fully clothed.

G F, Bolton

I was particularly interested in the feature on the Miss Nude USA competition in Vol 15 No 11.

Until quite recently I was a member of a nudist club myself as it seemed to offer the opportunity of seeing and talking to the opposite sex in the raw without the bugbear of class distinction that clothes usually cause.

Apart from one or two dolly birds with boyfriends or husbands and a few couples in their forties or fifties, I found the club disappointing.

What a marvellous treat your magazine provided – a delicious show of bare womanly flesh. The two ladies whom I consider beautiful, one facially and the other bosomly, are Dell Berger and Donna Bradley.

There are, as we all know, still the Victorian puritans who regard nudity as dirty. I am 39 and have parents like this, but over the years I have come to regard nudity as healthy and beautiful.

Robert Thompson, Ilford

'No, no, don't worry. If you're not feeling sexy I'll just have a quiet read . . .'

I used to hate working night shift until a recent incident happened to me to change all that. I work as a computer operator in a large London bureau with a shift system.

Recently, I was on the night shift together with seven other operators when the shift leader asked me to go to the emergency store to get some tapes. The emergency store is where computer tapes are kept, and it is usually away from the computer room as a safety measure against fire. This is common practice, but this time I was in for a surprise.

There in the emergency store, at three in the morning, was the girl librarian doing a bit of overtime and getting the tapes sorted out. I had seen her around the installation, often admiring her full figure, but had never actually spoken.

I greeted her and went about my business of getting the required tapes when suddenly the door went off the latch and closed on me – and her! We both laughed about the situation and, well, to be honest, I don't know exactly what happened (I'm not going to boast about how I seduced her and how she was overcome by my charms). Before I knew what had happened she had somehow slipped her hand into my trousers and was sliding my cock out.

She gripped my balls firmly and stroked my hard root. I could not believe it. She then took me in her mouth and within seconds I had climaxed inside her. I felt drained.

The next moment there was a bang on the door. One of the other operators had come to see why I was taking so long to get the tapes. She opened the door for him and it didn't take him long to see what had happened. He wasn't going without his bit so the

turn to page 126

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A beautiful Thai girl in national dress

The tranquil Siam Bayshore hotel

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Further information

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What club members said

'Absolutely fantastic! The hotels were luxurious and comfortable and Bangkok itself was inexhaustible. I must go back . . .' T C, London. 'Whatever you do, don't miss a visit to one of the bath houses. They're like something out of *Emmanuelle*. An unforgettable experience . . .' A R, Halifax. 'The scenery and the temples are extraordinary, so are the girls . . .' H S, Ely.

To: Mayfair Travel Club, Panorama Holidays, Panorama House, Church Road, Hove BN3 2BA, Sussex

Please send me a booking form and full details, without obligation, for your bargain holiday in exotic Bangkok.

Name: ....

Address: ....

....

....

M161

LETTERS

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whole process was repeated. That is all there was to it. There was no great build up or seduction scene, just a simple fondle and suck. Why, I didn't even touch her.

I work in monthly cycles and you can bet that along with the other seven operators on my shift I am now looking forward to the next night shift when I hope to repeat this little saga. This time I will be more prepared for it and then maybe I can offer her something in return as well.

T M, London

I would be interested to find out what other avid *Mayfair* readers do with their old copies of the magazine.

I was recently sorting out a cupboard prior to redecorating and thought it a great pity to throw away my many back numbers of your excellent magazine.

I had already searched the decorating shops for a suitable paper for the bathroom but to no avail. Then my friend Sheila saw my pile of *Mayfairs* and suggested I use the pin-ups instead of paper. I was not sure how to start so Sheila stepped in.

She banned me from the bathroom until the job was nearly finished, and I'm delighted with my new-look bathroom.

I still have hundreds of pin-ups left and Sheila is now looking for another bathroom to decorate.

Bryan Tansley, London NW9

'MUMMY! Sammy is playing with my dolls AGAIN!'

unfastened them and literally peeled them over her thighs, knees, ankles and off.

Then both girls, now beautifully naked, came and joined me on the bed for the most amazing sexual night of my life. Everything happened and my cock was moving from fanny to fanny, mouth to mouth and in between breasts. After about four hours I flopped exhausted between my two hostesses. I was awoken late the next morning by the daughter who had me in her mouth. Before long the mother awoke and we were at it again, for another couple of hours. I finally left the house in the afternoon, totally drained of energy.

As the woman's husband is at home at the moment, I'm only seeing the daughter at present. But I have been assured of some more double action as soon as he's off back to sea again.

(Name and address withheld)

I once remarked, half in jest, that erotic photography was a minor art form in search of an artist. I was reminded of this by the superb photographs in Vol 15 No 6 featuring Victoria Chapman. Together with photographer Peter Flodquist, she has provided the most satisfying sequence of erotic photographs I have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

Miss Chapman is incredibly beautiful and that gives her a natural advantage over most of her peers. But beauty is only the raw material and is in itself not artistic. A girl's expression is as important as her features. Just as a comedian can spoil the effect of his jokes by laughing, so many models spoil the effect of their sexiness by giving a smile of connivance. Full marks to Miss Chapman for avoiding this trap.

Even when she adopts an outrageously provocative pose where her fingers peep out between her legs, her face tantalises us by its complete absence of the 'naughty girl' syndrome. Nor does she fall into the opposite trap of looking bored and indifferent. In every shot she appears intent and interested. The contrast is electrifying as one would not guess from her expression that the task in hand is modelling for erotic photographs.

This is artistic modelling of the highest quality. In comparison with it, 95 per cent of what we usually see stands condemned as mere titillation. Hearty congratulations to all concerned, and I hope we will see more of the same kind of thing.

P A, New Brunswick, Canada

A recent letter from a reader who said his mother, a prostitute, entertained a young-looking boy as one of her clients prompts me to tell you a story which is completely true. It happened to a French friend of mine in the thirties. He was the son of a wealthy and influential man who employed household servants. When my friend was just past his fourteenth birthday his father took on a new linen maid. She was about thirty with an eleven-year-old son and had been widowed two years previously. She and her son shared a small but pleasant apartment in the house.

The maid had most afternoons free if she had completed her normal work, and usually went to her quarters to relax. On one such afternoon my friend had just been dismissed by his tutor who came daily to the house. At a loose end, he decided to go to the maid's apartment to recover a book he had lent to her son some time before.

When he went to the room he found her sitting on the bed making up her eyes with mascara. She was fully-dressed but her blouse buttons were unfastened and her bare breasts plainly in evidence.

My friend, who told me that the woman sat crosslegged with her fairly short skirt riding high and her shapely legs in sheer silk stockings, did little to slow his rapid heartbeat.

Though she was a simple country woman, her husband had been a farm labourer, she knew the meaning of the boy's looks in the way that any married woman would.

The maid was, outwardly at least, a devoutly religious woman who attended church regularly. But that afternoon the devil was in her and she silently gestured to my friend to close the door and lock it. Then, with a strange smile, she beckoned him to her.

In his own words he said to me: 'I went into that room as a naïve schoolkid. Half an hour later I left it as a worldly-wise young man.'

His natural desire to savour those delights again was never fulfilled for some of the rest of the household had suspicions about what had occurred during the half hour my friend and his 'mistress' had spent in the bedroom. Soon his father called him into his private study, a confession of sorts was drawn out of him, and sadly the maid was dismissed.

Without any means of satisfying his new hunger, my friend sought advice from a youth who assisted the gardener. The labourer told him of the whereabouts of a brothel and he duly found his way to it. Unfortunately the madame took one look at his fresh, beardless young face and ejected him with one of his ears held firmly between her thumb and forefinger.

Again the household grapevine went to work and once more father's reproachful finger beckoned him.

This time, however, a man to man discussion took place and papa admitted that his boy was rather grown-up in his needs. He conceded that he could not tie down a biological safety-valve yet he made it very clear that he was not having his son educated by 'soiled women'.

A solution was found. Contacts were put out and eventually a scout in another area found a woman in Lille offering her services as a wet nurse to breast feed the babies of affluent but non-lactating mothers.

She was a sturdily-built housewife aged about thirty-six, her husband was a coal-miner and they had five children to feed. Her eyes opened wide at the very handsome sum that she was offered to provide a different kind of service to my young friend. She hesitated only for a moment then made up her mind and consented, on the condition that her husband must not be aware of the nature of what she was doing.

A pleasant cottage near Lille was rented for their twice-weekly rendezvous.

My friend smiled as he

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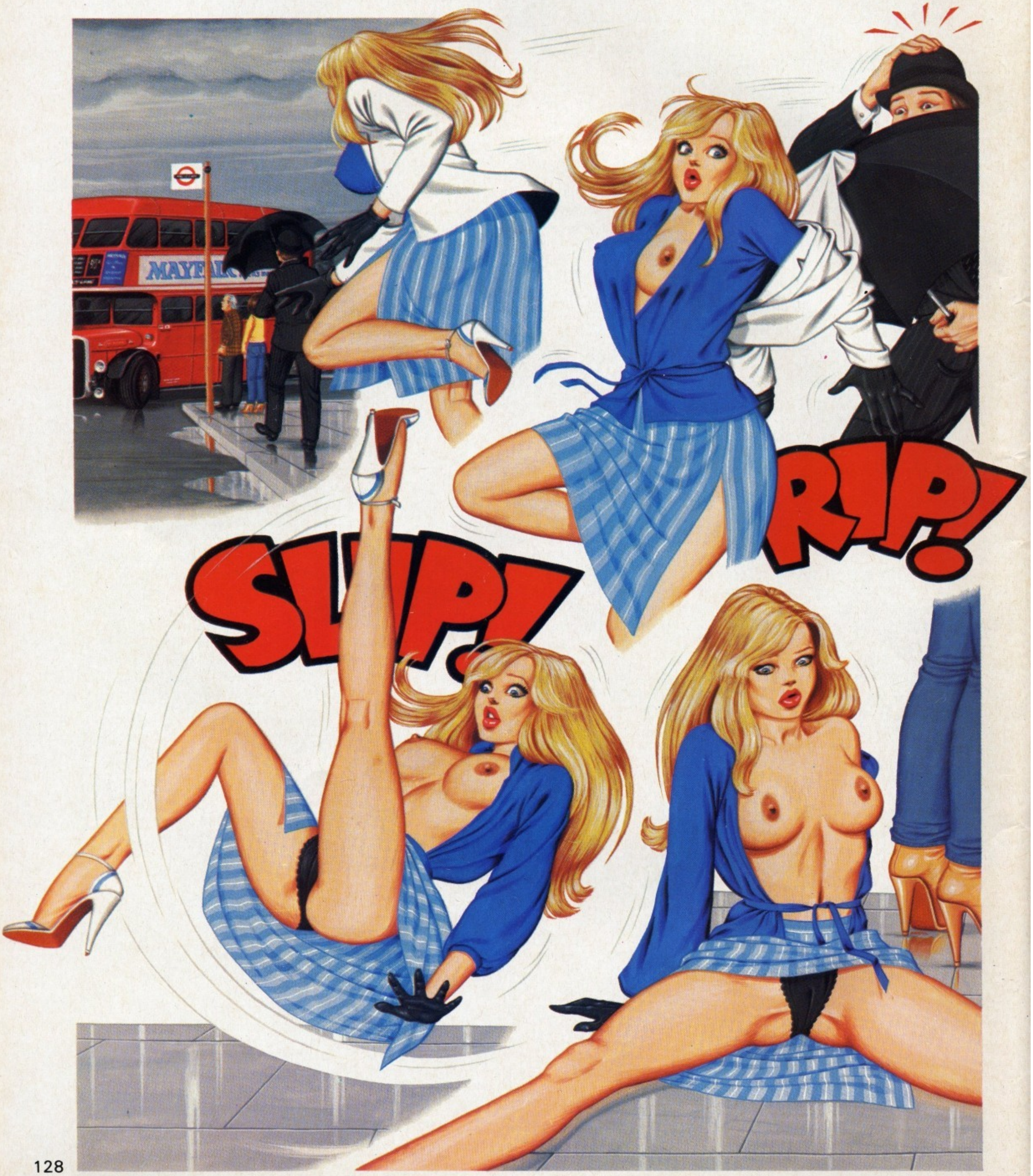
'Dr Livingstone, I presume? . . . er I wonder if I might use your toilet?'

CARRIE

Carrie's slip puts her in the buff but not the bus . . .



MAYFAI
RIP!
SLIP!

WHOOPS!
SLIP!
!
NO SMOKING
64 PASSENGE
28 LOWER DEC
36 UPPER DEC
STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 127

recalled it: 'Yes, she was good, that woman. You can just imagine how I felt when I first walked into the room. That very tantalising plump figure. She was big. Well built, though not grossly so. Can you imagine? Just those silk stockings she had on, and the lace garters.

'For the next two years she drew my sting twice a week.

'Did I make her pregnant? As a matter of fact, yes. A girl, it was. Now she's the manageress of a supermarket somewhere. She still doesn't know who sends her fat cheques.'

My friend and I are both in our middle fifties now and still keep in touch.

The house in Paris is gone now, my friend showed me where it used to be. But the cottage near Lille is still there. My friend has bought it.

A G R, Salop

I see that the art of gawping, that is gazing upon the accidentally exposed private parts of the female body, is rearing its head again. Delightful as this practice is, it cannot compare with having a girl deliberately undress and show you everything she's got.

How, you may ask, does one persuade the flowers of British womanhood to cast their clouts aside and allow themselves to be leched over? Quite simply you become an amateur figure photographer. Cast in the mantle of one who portrays sexy young lovelies as works of art, you can wallow in a never-ending stream of bums, tits and twats.

You'll need a camera, of course, but you can get quite passable results with the cheapest 35mm outfits on the market. There's no need to go mad as most single lens reflex cameras will give you the standard you require, but if a model thinks you're on the level she's far more likely to give out with some really great poses.

More importantly, you'll need an obligingly naked lady and a suitable venue where she can expose and pose. By far the easiest way of setting the thing up is to find a photographer who runs a studio hire service. By and large such outfits are highly legit operations and they are well set up with all the equipment you'll need. They will also have a model register from which you'll be able to select a suitable cutie.

So what sort of girls show their naughty parts to the camera? One image that wants crushing right away is that of the bored tart just a shade more respectable than the outright prostitute, moodily shifting from pose to pose and in the game purely because it's an easy way of making money. There may be a few like that, but they are very few in number and don't remain figure models very long. Your average nude is highly vivacious, possesses bags of confidence, is as sexy as hell and warm and friendly with a lovely personality. She's an artist and she's as anxious as you are to get the very best out of those curves. In fact any naked charmer worth her salt is a born exhibitionist and she loves romping around with nothing on while an admiring and flattering cameraman clicks away at her.

Whatever you do, don't get fresh with her on the set and don't use the need to move her occasionally as an excuse for a quick grope. She won't like it and it's the best way I know to wind up with a sexy little fist in your ear. It's true that most figure models are incorrigibly randy and make fantastic lovers, but if you want to screw the lady invite her for a drink and take it from there.

I've viewed what lies between the female neck and thighs in just about every conceivable situation, but nothing can compare with having a red hot tottie peel and reveal and show everything while you record her charms for posterity.

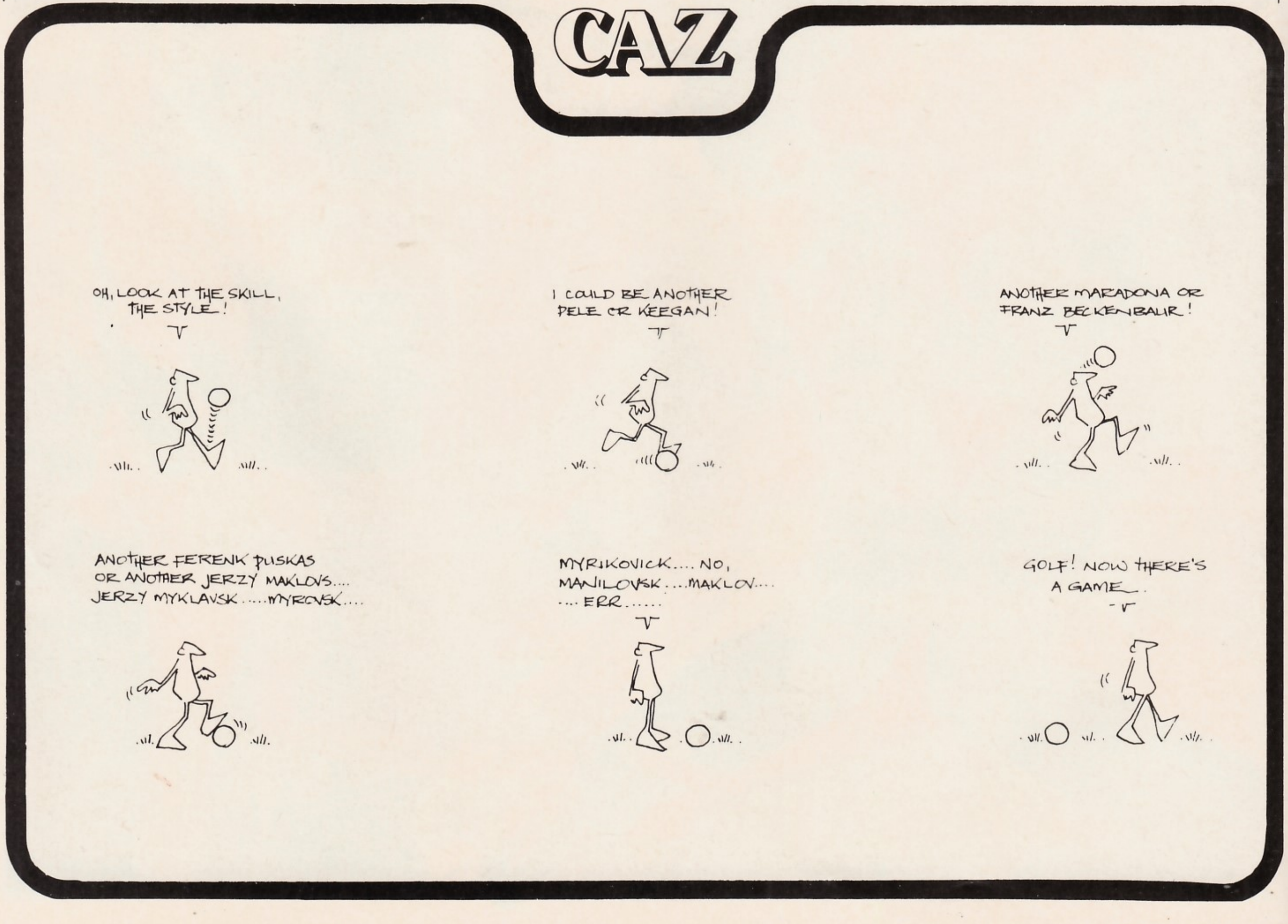
F M, Manchester

I recently saw an advertisement in the *Oxford Journal*'s situations vacant columns which read: 'Call girls wanted. Hours to suit. High basic salary plus commission.' And in small letters at the bottom of the ad it read: 'This position is open to men also.' Do you think this is a new face of Oxford's dreaming spires'?

Nigel Leake, Chipping Norton

Sounds like High life to us.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
OH, LOOK AT THE SKILL, THE STYLE!
I COULD BE ANOTHER PELE OR KEEGAN!
ANOTHER MARADONA OR FRANZ BECKENBAUR!
ANOTHER FERENK PUSKAS OR ANOTHER JERZY MAKLOVS.... JERZY MYKLAVSK .....MYROVSK....
MYRIKOVICK.... NO, MANILOVSK....MAKLOV.... ....ERR......
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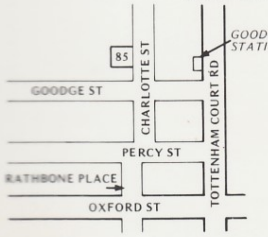

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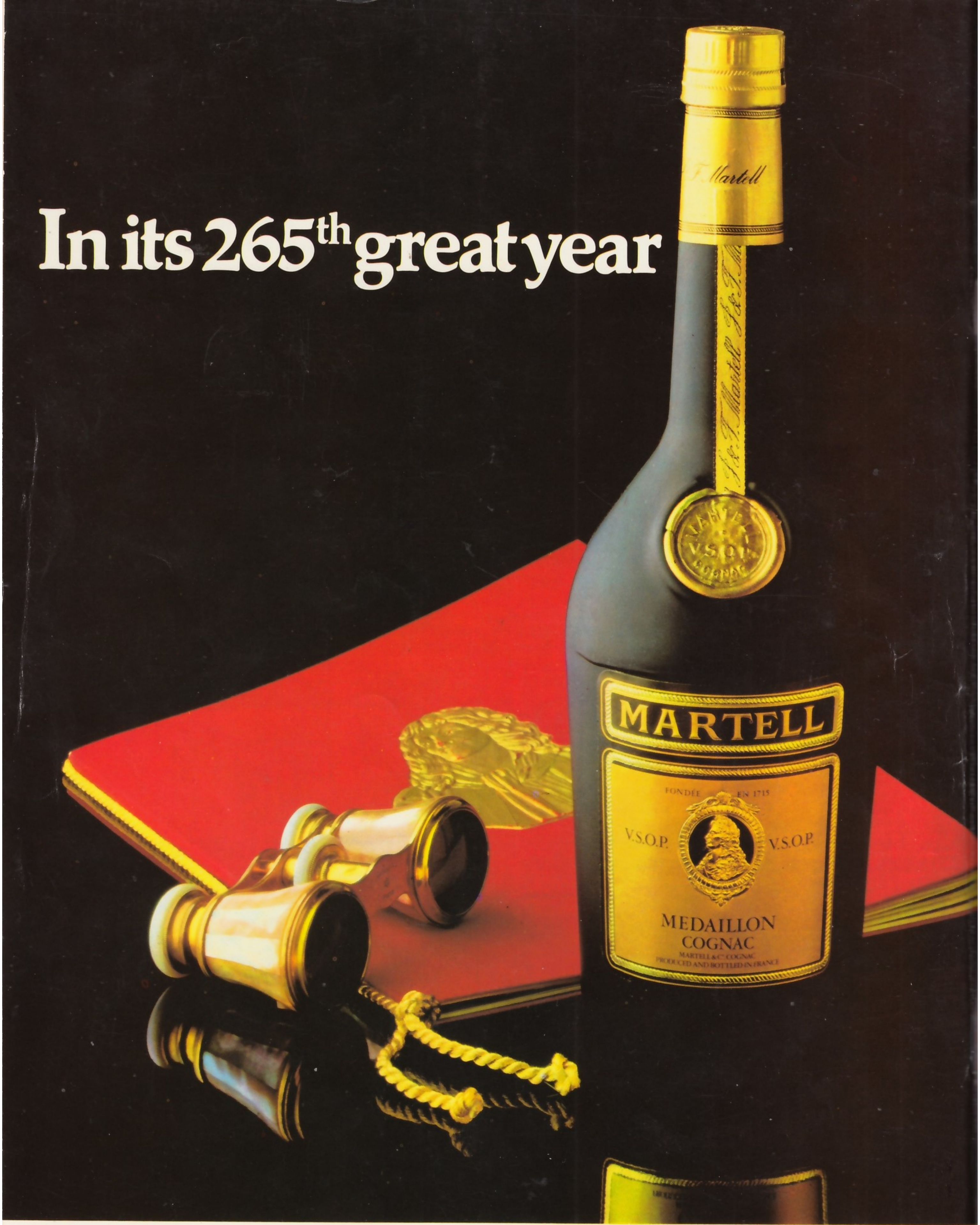
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